

# Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 7, 1960

25 CENTS

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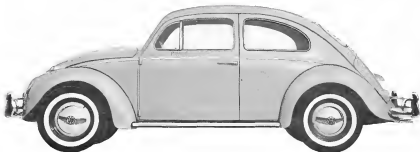
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## Next week

Minnesota, looking like the powerhouse of old, meets Iowa at Minneapolis in the Big Ten's game of the year. Ray Terrell reports on Iowa's answer to the Gopher coach.

The warm, appealing story of Wilma Rudolph, the girl who ran away with the Olympics, and of the unusual and dedicated man who stands behind her and the Tigerbelles.

Kenneth Ruden takes a close look at young Bobby Hull, the blond Adonis of professional hockey who in two seasons has sparked the moribund Chicago Black Hawks into new life.





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## BEANO AND THE '3 Cs'

They are bringing fame, fortune—and angry looks—to Pittsburgh as the Panthers' compulsive publicist goes his antic way

by MYRON COPE

In the University of Pittsburgh's backfield this fall there are two thick-muscled halfbacks and a squat, pugnacious fullback. Last year, for two thirds of the season, they rested quietly on the bench, partly because of injuries but largely because their inexperience disqualified them under Coach John Michelosen's adults-only policy. Finally, in a desperate attempt to shore up his sagging team, Michelosen played the three together against Boston College. They ran over Boston College, ran over Notre Dame the following week and ran over Penn State the week after that.

Their names are Cox, Clemens and Cunningham, and they are known at Pitt as the "C" boys. Unknown to the public (but very well known to the coaches and the press) is a fourth "C" boy who weighs as much as Cunningham (212 pounds), who hits as hard as Cox or Clemens, and who is as much of an asset (or liability, depending on one's point of view) to Pitt as Michelosen himself. His name is Cook—Carroll Hoff Cook (above). He has a cone-shaped head that is cropped like a *boonie* green, a prominent nose that directs him as unerringly as a radiator cap on a 1931 Duesenberg and a backside which lends him enormous momentum when he is pointed toward a newspaper office. And that is where he is usually headed, for Cook is Pitt's press agent.

Only Cook's mother calls him Carroll. Sportswriters from New York to Los Angeles know him as Beano Cook, a preposterous bachelor of 29 who Columnist Dan Parker has called "the greatest publicity man since Barnum—and, on second thought, Bailey, too." Describing his first exposure to Beano, Parker wrote that "he barged into my cubbyhole and granted me permission to listen while he interviewed himself."

Beano plunges into newspaper offices head down, as though bucking a gale. He wears a red-checked Ivy League cap and a suit which caresses his figure like the sheets on a Sop-house bed. He carries a stuffed, battered briefcase in one hand and a clipboard in the other. (He even dines with the clipboard in his lap, often pausing to jot down ideas for publicity stunts. "Don't forget this for 1963!" a notation reads.)

This season, with the "C" boys as his spear, Beano has laid siege to communications as never before. At the start of training Beano recalled that Stripteaser Evelyn West's bosom ("The Treasure Chest") was insured by Lloyd's of London, and he immediately proposed a somewhat more comprehensive policy for the "C" boys. He thought \$1 million would be about right. However, Pitt's athletic director, Frank Carver, pointed out to him that the premi-

ums would be prohibitive, inasmuch as the prospect of breakage among football players is considerably greater than in Miss West's case.

"I do not know what this season will bring," Carver said recently, "but two things are certain. Beano will have us all over the papers, and he will have us deep in hot water."

In his four years as Pitt's press agent, Beano has pursued, by impetuosity or design, a policy of brinkmanship, often whipping up controversies that have brought Pitt's opponents almost to the point of severing athletic relations. Convinced of the oldtime fight managers' philosophy that nothing will pack in the customers as successfully as a cacophony of name-calling, Beano has berated West Point brass, labeled Penn State Coach Rip Engle a cry baby and denounced West Virginia University fans as incompetent drivers who create Saturday afternoon traffic jams. Police ejected him from the press table during a basketball game at Duke University when he directed a blunderbuss charge of insults at the referee, and the Penn State publicist threatened to have him censured by the ethics committee of the College Sports Information Directors of America for having flooded State territory with literature ridiculing, of all things, State's wrestling team.

continued

"In short," adds Frank Carver, whose placid charm is the antithesis of Beano's unruly enthusiasm, "he is the best press agent in the business."

Carver and his predecessor, Admiral Tom Hamilton, often have reflected that one Cook is enough to spoil the broth, yet it is difficult to fault an employee whose tactics have helped boost Pitt's season ticket sales to new records in the face of professional competition from the Pittsburgh Steelers. (In 1956, Beano's first year on the job, the sale of season

a white rage to demolish Pitt 14-0.

Late in the 1955 season Pitt traveled to Nebraska, needing only one more victory to close in on an Orange Bowl contract. Nebraska had won only two games all season. Beano plunged onstage before the television cameras in Lincoln and assured the Cornhuskers that John Michelson was a merciful coach who would not run up a high score on them.

The Cornhuskers permitted Michelson to run up six points while they ran up 14, thereby canceling Pitt's chances of a bowl invitation. Although the Pitt team had played badly, its coaches blamed Beano and did not speak to him for a month.

Only last year Beano threw Michelson, a strapping man, into a paroxysm of rage that surely would have led to violence had Beano been within arm's reach. Pitt had opened the season on the road, beating a second-rate Marquette by only six points, and then had lost to Southern California 23-0. The next week, in their first home game, the Panthers fell behind UCLA 14-6. They rallied to win, 25-21, but not before Beano had subjected them to the most cutting of insults. Seeing them trailing by eight points, he blatantly renounced them by directing the public-address announcer to read off Pitt's basketball schedule.

"Basically," says Beano today, reflecting on the furious looks that Michelson directs at him, "I think Michelson would like to have another publicity man."

Michelson and his assistants, living in dread of Beano's capacity for planting hot news items in the sports pages, have erected an Iron Curtain against him. They stand behind it, bracing it with their meaty shoulders, but Beano crashes through on a charger named Gall. "He'll sit in on a staff meeting even when he knows he's not wanted," says Backfield Coach Vic Fusa. "He'll take all the insults we can throw at him, and he'll sit there till he gets something newsworthy. You could take a punch at him, but somehow it would be like hitting your sister."

Coaches of other schools have tendered their deepest sympathies to the Pitt staff. Two years ago, for example, Art (Pappy) Lewis addressed the Pittsburgh Curbside Coaches in his capacity as head football coach of West Virginia University. Detecting

Beano in the audience, Pappy declared, "I'd rather play an 11-game schedule than have Beano Cook as my publicity man."

"That's all right, Lewis," Beano shouted, bolting to his feet, "I'll last longer than you will!"

Lewis lasted only one more season at West Virginia.

Because coaches do not buy tickets, Beano has never been seriously concerned by their hostility. Only one man has ever been able to strike fear into his heart, and that was Admiral Hamilton, the burly, deep-voiced individualist who hired him.



**ATHLETIC DIRECTOR** Frank Carver says Beano is the best press agent in the world.

ticket books jumped from the previous year's total of 9,144 to 17,142.) Carver, moreover, appreciates Beano's loyalty to Pitt, a loyalty that equips him to fight dragons.

Pitt's football coaches, however, regard Beano with a malicious distrust and stand poised to blame defeats on him whenever possible. Their unenvied attitude dates back to October 1956, when Beano preceded the team west for a game with the University of California. At a press luncheon he listened to Pappy Waldorf, then head coach at Cal, tell the sportswriters he feared his team lacked second-half stamina.

Then came Beano's turn to speak. "We have, undoubtedly, our finest team since 1938," he declared, "and what's more, we are a great second-half club."

The California players, an unskilled but prideful crew, read Beano's remarks in the papers and proceeded in



**EX-ATHLETIC DIRECTOR** Tom Hamilton hired Beano and often regretted it.

Hamilton's office in the Pitt Field House was situated on the third floor of a layer-cake arrangement of athletic headquarters. Beano's was on the first floor. Arriving at work in the morning, Hamilton would light a cigar, pick up Beano's latest publicity release and lean back to study it. Frequently he would storm out to the catwalk that fronted the top floor, seize the railing as though he were back on the bridge of the U.S.S. *Ex-terprise*, and thunder, "Bee-no!"

All 30 employees in the athletic department would sit up, the hackles rising on their necks, and Beano would crash out of his office and clamber upstairs, falling three times along the way.

What was it, anyhow, that could provoke such wrath?

The answer is to be found in Beano's conviction that the dry statistics and unimaginative prose mailed out daily by most of today's



three-button press agents land directly in the wastebaskets of many sportswriters. "I know what I like to read in the papers," says Beano. "Controversy! I don't care if the writer is Ernest Hemingway—he's got to write some controversy!" Consequently, Beano always endeavors to inject some type of shock value into his publicity releases. One example:

"Idle thought: The Air Force Academy is a million dollars over its budget. If Pitt were, the Panthers would be undefeated, too."

Beano's *modus operandi* has been watched with incredulity by Leo (Horse) Carnecke, the chunky head maintenance man of Pitt's athletic plant. "Lakies," says Horas. "I seen the brass here so mad at Beano their eyes was popping out of their heads. But their words would bounce offa Beano like water off an umbrella. Every time I think he's gonna fall he stands up straight and gets stronger. They give him a raise and pay his salary while he goes off to some summer school." (This past summer, significantly or not, Beano studied libel law at Northwestern.)

At work in his office, Beano scandalizes his secretary, Mrs. Dora Armstrong, who went to work for him last May after having left the employ of a sedate physician. Mrs. Armstrong, cupping a hand to her mouth, whispers, "He comes in from lunch and takes off his shirt and walks around all afternoon in his undershirt. He has hay fever, you know, so he wraps a turkish towel around his neck and blows his nose in it. Really! I should have to say he is hyperkinetic."

Beano comes by his flamboyance honestly enough. He is named for a great-uncle, Judge Carroll Cook, a florid mouthpiece for the *San Francisco Chronicle* in 1865 and ran it as a theatrical and scandal sheet. Beano himself was born in San Francisco, the son of a securities broker, but was raised in Boston and Pittsburgh. He had wanted to become a sportswriter but while working as a copy boy for *The Pittsburgh Press* was advised, after submitting several news items, that he had no talent for writing. So, quite logically, he became a press agent.

In 1949, while still a student at Kiski Prep in Saltsburg, Pa., he persuaded a Pittsburgh sportswriter to

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## BEANO AND THE "3 Cs" continued

compose an article about a lad named Chuck Cooley, whom Beano had represented as Kiski's finest all-round athlete. At the time, Kiski's student body also included a boy named Bob Mathias.

Beano won an award as a Latin scholar at Kiski, then moved on to college (Brown and Pitt) where he converted his dormitory room into a collection and distribution center for laundry and football pool sheets. Entering the Army in 1954, he wangled an assignment to a Nike group stationed 30 minutes from his Pittsburgh home and there worked at something called "community relations," predating Max Shulman's *Guido di Maggio* by three years. In 21 months of service Beano rose to the rank of private first class and emerged with a letter of recommendation to Admiral Hamilton from Brigadier General S. M. Mellish: "I commend him to anyone who needs a highly motivated individual."

Admiral Hamilton, intent on surrounding himself with men of action, got more than he bargained for in Beano. Beano's technique has taken him a long way. In any season he is apt to be found in New York City, Scranton, Pa. or Fort Worth, hatching columnist or quarrelling with athletic directors. He is at once the most ardent advocate and ruthless perverter of the good-will trip.

At a cocktail party in Bear Mountain, N.Y. three years ago, he backed Major General Gar Davidson, then superintendent of the U.S. Military Academy, into a corner and severely cross-examined him for having permitted Army's football team to be scheduled in New Orleans where spectators are segregated. Beano was not acutely socially conscious. He tangled with the general merely to curry favor with a sportswriter who had been panning Army for scheduling the New Orleans appearance. General Davidson, whose Army football team was, and is, a lucrative attraction on Pitt's schedule, was more fascinated than upset by Beano's impertinence. However, Admiral Hamilton summoned Beano first thing Monday morning and thundered at him with such fury that secretaries in the outer offices later swore the admiral had stripped the buttons off Beano's shirt.

Unsuppressed, Beano proceeded to



PITT COACH John Michtelsen blamed Beano for shocking 1958 loss to Nebraska.

Miami where he listened irritably while Miami Coach Andy Gustafson told a television audience of the marvelous western Pennsylvania football talent that Pitt was about to hurl at his poor boys. Gustafson concluded by saying, "We have the Pitt publicity man with us tonight. What do you think, Beano Cook?"

"Well," said Beano. "You ought to know what you're talking about, Gustafson. You go through the same coal mines."

"Thank you, Mr. Cook," snapped Gustafson, boxing Beano out of microphone range.

Beano's relentless attentions to Penn State, Pitt's hated rival, have led State's white-haired athletic director, Ernie McCoy, to face him nose to nose—and one who matches his nose against Beano's has indeed en-



EX-ARMY COACH Earl Blak wanted Beano kept away from his football scouts.

tered an over-the-weight match—and snarl:

"Well, Cook, you certainly have done an excellent job of convincing the world that Pitt gets all the brains and State gets all the morons."

Beano likewise has striven valiantly to convince the world that Rip Engle, State's football coach, has the most prolific tear ducts in his profession. Two years ago Engle stepped smack into a trap, which Beano slammed shut with spine-chilling shrieks of glee. Engle, smarting from a defeat at Syracuse, protested that it was virtually impossible for a team to play 55 minutes, as Syracuse had, without being assessed one penalty. Later in the season State played in Pittsburgh and defeated Pitt, but no defeat could have disturbed Beano less. For State had gone the entire 60 minutes without a penalty.

"Yah!" shouted Beano. "How come Engle isn't saying he didn't deserve to win?" Beano flung himself before his typewriter and soon had the U.S. mail choked with indictments of Engle's hypocrisy.

Thanks to Beano, football coaches who scout Pitt frequently carry home scouting reports that are sketchy or altogether inaccurate. Back in 1953, when Frank Leahy coached Notre Dame and Beano worked as a student flunky in the Pitt press box, Leahy took advantage of an open date to scout the Panthers in a game with Nebraska. Later, sportswriters asked him his opinion of Pitt.

"Truthfully, I have none," replied Leahy. "I could not concentrate on the game. A large, gregarious chap sat next to me and talked to me all through the game."

Two years ago, Army's Red Blaik angrily deplored with his squad at the Pittsburgh airport, shook hands perfunctorily with Hamilton and said, "Listen, Tom. From now on, whenever we play Pitt, keep your publicity man away from my scouts." The previous week Beano had been at scout Tommy Harp's ear the whole game. Possibly as a result, Pitt played Army to a 14-14 tie—the only game the '58 Army team failed to win.

Legions of sportswriters, wondering if Beano is for real, are bewitched by him. Davis J. Walsh, who was a patriarchal Hearst columnist for many years, portrayed Beano with ill-disguised affection as "a large, bolster-

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BEANO AND THE "3 Cs" continued

ous young man who, in a few years, has come to address me as 'Boy!' " By contrast, when Beano recently charged into *The Pittsburgh Press* he was turned right around and routed by a wiry oldtimer who, brandishing a pair of shears, shouted, "Get out! You carpetbagger with mud on your shoes!" The oldtimer has a son who is a fifth-string, unpublished halfback on the Pitt squad.

Columnist after columnist has extolled Beano as the most honest, forthright man in sports. The observation never ceases to amaze Kenny George, the Pitt business manager who receives Beano's expense accounts, yet it is not without substance. A case in point was Beano's publicity buildup for Don Henson, a recent All-America basketball player.

Beano worked tirelessly for Henson. For two years he harassed Dr. Jonas Salk, Pitt's discoverer of the antipolio vaccine, to pose with Henson for a picture. ("Think of the caption!" Beano cried to Salk. "PITT'S TWO ALL-AMERICA SHOTMAKERS!") With no help from Salk, Beano made an All-America of Henson in his junior year. But when Henson was nearing the end of his senior season, Beano told Ted Smits, the sports editor of the Associated Press:

"Don't vote for Henson for your All-America team. He doesn't deserve it this year."

Beano's honesty compels him to attack Pitt's own teams in his publicity releases. He once denounced the Pitt wrestling team as "a bunch of single-wingers who try for a decision instead of a pin." Today, although the "C" boys did not start the season off in spectacular fashion, Beano lurches up and down the sidelines of the football practice field, looking after them like a mother hen. They excite in him visions of newspaper space heretofore undreamed of.

Newspaper space—this is the fulfillment of his existence. There is no nobler word than space. A newspaperman recalls standing before a newsstand, reading an enormous black headline that said: KHRUSHCHEV ARRIVING IN THE U.S. TODAY.

The newspaperman was filled with a sense of swirling world developments. Beano, standing beside him, also was awed. "Gee, that guy gets good space," he said.

END

# MEMO

from the publisher

**D**URING the Olympics, Associate Editor Martin Kane, most familiar in these pages as a recorder of boxing, transferred his talents to Rome and the vast and various competition which makes the Olympics for those who report them the busiest of sports events. His quarters were in the Domus Mariae, a traditionally austere hostel, normally a shelter for religious pilgrims. "At the time," Kane says, with an implied bow to the glory that can be Rome, "the Domus' austerity had certain compensations for a member of the working press." Its location, miles from the main Olympic activities, had none. Kane's Olympic memories include jouncing over Roman roads on a motor scooter with which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** met such contingencies as no taxis. The weather was hot; the traffic, even to New Yorker Kane, "violent"; the deadlines unyielding; and every minute pressing.

"I wouldn't have wanted to miss a second of it," Kane says.

Nevertheless, toward the end of the Games, he did not find decision difficult when Managing Editor Andre Laguerre asked, "Would you be interested in doing a story on the Casino at Monte Carlo?"

Leaving the Domus Mariae, Kane shortly found himself registered at Monaco's luxurious Hotel Hermitage, strolling at an easygoing Riviera pace under the palms of the tiny resort, planning his exploration of the gaming house which in Victorian days inspired this commentary: "Youths who throw away family fortunes, trade them with numbers of children, dai-



MARTIN KANE AND HOME

ly meet with ruin and dishonor. Innocent bathers are enticed into the labyrinth of evil, the cathedral of vice, the casino of Monaco. The palace itself which dates back to 1538 is full of the sinister, mysterious dramas in which the Guephs and Gibbels played their evil part."

After bathing with the least innocence he could muster, Kane was joined at the "labyrinth of evil" by Photographer Jerry Cooke, who had a particularly personal reason for wanting to be there. In a childhood he does not regard as wholly misspent, he spent hours in San Remo, Italy spinning a roulette wheel for his father, who ultimately wrote a much translated book on how to beat the game.

Next week in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Kane writes and Cooke illustrates the story of the Casino today: what goes on within its fabled vaults, the facts about the fables and how the Cooke (Sr.) and other systems fare. Not to overdo the suspense of that last—both Kane and Cooke made more money on the Pittsburgh Pirates.

*Andrew H. Jones*

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# SCORECARD

## Events and Discoveries of the Week

### THE INSIDE TRACK

• A real world series—Japan vs. U.S.—will be played in 1964 in Tokyo (probably during the Olympic Games) if Old Japan Hand Lefty O'Doul can convince Commissioner Ford Frick that Japanese baseball is now at the big league level (see "The Polite Americans," next page).

• Burned when Texas beat SMU by only 10 points last Saturday (Texas had been a 20-point favorite but won by only 17-7), bettors blamed a gambling conspiracy. During a seven-inch rain the night before the game persons unknown removed the tarpaulin protecting Memorial Stadium field. The water stood ankle deep next morning and the field was still wet and muddy at game time—which served to hold down the score.

• The Sun Bowl, third-oldest postseason football game, will be abandoned after this year unless El Paso, Texas voters approve a \$1.75 million bond issue for construction of a 30,000-seat stadium. Sponsors say they can't meet expenses with the current capacity of 12,000.

• Look for Maryland to push back into national football prominence next year. Coach Tom Nugent, in his second season, is recruiting with the seal of his predecessor, the late Jim Tatum, and prospects are good: of Nugent's first 22 men, nine are sophomores, eight juniors.

• Blame pro basketball's dismal debut in Los Angeles (only 4,008 in 15,000-seat Sports Arena, instead of predicted 10,000) on inept front-office operation. The transplanted Lakers did almost nothing to promote the game, thus alienated sophisticated southern Californians, which is accustomed to major league sport and which likes hoop-la and high pressure (half-time shows, card stunts, bands, klieg lights, etc.).

### NOT SINCE DRAKE

When England beat Spain last week to regain the soccer supremacy of Eu-

rope, it was the finest hour in Anglo-Hispanic relations (for the British, anyway) since Drake sank the Armada. "Oh! Wonderful England," hallooed a *Daily Express* writer, "the fightingest England I have ever thrilled upon." In the closing minutes of play, the victors rubbed Spanish noses in defeat by freezing the ball (an old Spanish trick) with mocking arrogance. Latin tempers flared, British tempers responded, and there was scuffling after the final whistle. But one loser, star forward Alfredo Di Stefano, proved a sportsman. He gave England's Jim Armfield his jersey, as a prized if gamy memento of a glorious day for old England.

### FRIENDLY REMINDER

Anne Hayes, wife of Ohio State's Woody, showed her football-coach husband a paragraph from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in which Darrell Royal of Texas spoke favorably of the Ohio State halfback trap play. Hayes, who abandoned the play a few years ago, quietly reinstated it for the Ohio State-Michigan State game last Saturday. First time it was used a sophomore halfback burst outside tackle and went 46 yards for a touchdown.

### IT HURTS SO GOOD

The University of Wisconsin has done some experimental work involving the use of two centers of human reason: the cerebral cortex (which is man's highest reasoning apparatus) and the primitive brain centers (which are what make you jump when you're stuck with a pin). A theory evolved at Wisconsin states that in everyday, routine use the muscles are controlled by the highest reasoning centers. But in extremes—as in a crisis (when a man finds the superhuman strength to lift an overturned auto off his trapped child) or in the agony phase of exhaustion (the end of a marathon race or a 15-round fight, when the competitor unconsciously struggles on)—the cortex shuts down

and the primitive brain centers take over.

Dr. Frances Hellebrandt, who headed the project, deliberately pushed and prodded her volunteer human guinea pigs to the agony phase of exhaustion in order to study this crossover effect in muscle control. The results appear to have a clear application in sport. One subject reported: "You feel some pain, but after a while lifting the handle [the experimental weight test] becomes more important than anything else. You forget the pain. You forget everything but achieving the objective."

This reaction brought joy to certain dedicated sportsmen. Mr. Bruce Hopping, who is founder, chairman and sole endower of the New Jersey Committee "for the advancement of recreational swimming," sat down and wrote: "By driving the service muscles beyond the control of our



cerebral cortex and allowing the primitive brain centers to take over, the competitive swimmer will receive the superhuman strength necessary to dominate and win all competition. This objective would be obtained by training the service muscles to the point of agonizing pain."

Mr. Hopping does not indicate who would win if one agonized swimmer met another agonized swimmer in the same event, but he does say that this cheery attitude toward his favorite recreational sport parallels the ideas of Jim Counsilman, coach of swimming at the University of Indiana. Counsilman's charges include Olympic Champion Mike Troy (who in pre-Olympic training had a sheet of paper on his wall bearing the word PAIN in large letters). He stresses in his coaching the necessity of overcoming the natural human reluctance

to extend oneself beyond normal limits. Counselman says, "We cannot lower our times merely by changing our goals and shooting for, say, a 2:05 in the 200 meters. We must condition both our bodies and our minds."

Of course, all this depends to some extent on just how important lowering our times is. Or doesn't anyone remember when sport was supposed to be fun?

#### SLAP ON THE WRIST

Because college football has become so complex, quarterbacks have taken to wearing wrist bands that list all their team's plays. In the first quarter of a game with Florida, LSU Quarterback Jimmy Field got up off the turf and discovered that his wrist band was gone. All it contained was a complete outline of the LSU plan of action. Field told LSU Coach Paul Dietzel, and Dietzel reported the loss to the referee. At the end of the half-time intermission the official brought the missing blueprint to the LSU dressing room. "Where did you find it?" cried Dietzel in relief. "In the Florida dressing room," replied the referee. Florida shut out LSU in the second half, won 13-10.

#### THE POLITE AMERICANS

When the San Francisco Giants arrived in Japan for a 16-game barnstorming tour, they got a boisterous ticker-tape reception and a stack of flowers. A troupe of kimono-clad Japanese girls engulfed moon-faced Owner Horace Stoneham. Giggling schoolgirls gawked at Willie Mays and said, "Say Hi! Say Hi!" Baseball-shaped transistor radios were handed to all the players, who were then whisked off in a motorecade to a fancy dinner. Commented *Stars & Stripes*: "Willie Mays and associates will be killed with kindness."

They were also killed on the ball field. While 30,000 cheered, the San Francisco Giants lost the opening game to the Tokyo Yomiuri Giants 1-0. The American star known in Japan as Whirne Mays got a scratch single and dropped a cinch fly ball. Courteous to a fault, one Japanese fan said, "The Americans are just being polite. They will catch up." But the Tokyo *Times* cried *banzai*! "San Francisco's blown-up Goliath crashed to earth yesterday afternoon with a heavy thud that reverberated

across the length of Japan." *Asahi Shimbun* echoed: "The game upset the idea of U.S. supremacy."

There was more loss of face to come. The Giants dropped the second game of the tour 2-1 to the Japanese All-Stars. They finally won a couple, 1-0 and 5-3, then stumbled to a 10-7 loss in which they had to suffer through an eight-run Japanese inning. By the end of the week the polite Americans could show only a 4-3 record. It was the worst start for any American team in the traditional barnstorming tour, and Lefty O'Doul thought he had an explanation: "The Japanese players are getting bigger and better. I can remember when the fellas here were all 150-pounders. Now there are more and more 6-footers. And they play more nonchalant and relaxed against us, like they know what they're doing. Before they were jittery, like they were playing against God or something."

#### CASE OF CHARACTERS

Governor Ernest Hollings of South Carolina, on a recent trip up North, was introduced to a New York executive. "Oh yes," said the New Yorker, "you're Bobby Richardson's governor." . . . In an aside at a Maryland racing hearing, Larry MacPhail—the man who brought lights into baseball—said they should be taken out. It was "a helluva mistake," mourned MacPhail, to put baseball into nocturnal competition with harness racing and television. . . . Ex-hallplayer and current broadcaster Joe Garagiola, speaking at the Topps Chewing Gum lunch in New York for rookie baseball stars, recalled Branch Rickey's antipathy to the term "knock-down pitch." In deference to Owner Rickey, said Garagiola, "we called it the purpose pitch. The purpose was to separate the batter's head from his shoulders." . . . Hydroplane Driver Mira Slovak, battered in a spectacular crash last summer (SI, Aug. 22), is preparing for the climactic Gold Cup race next week. "I have heard," said Slovak, "that a bad spill gives you a mental block. Maybe so, but so far I am laughing." . . . Frank Williams of Amherst, N.Y., moping home from a no-strike evening of bowling, found a skunk in his yard. Irritably, Williams grabbed his bowling ball and let fly. Result: a clean strike and one dead skunk.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**CHUCK BANKE**, 41-year-old jet pilot, took off from Honolulu in twin-engine Beechcraft Bonanza, circled globe (21,332 miles) in less than nine days. Banded, barefoot, flew 14 hours a day, acquired a papal blessing, six St. Christopher medals, one Buddha en route.



**FRED MCLEOD**, 78, Scottish-born golf pro at Calumet, Ill., C.C., Chevy Chase, Md., who can still shoot his age or under, became 26th and oldest man elected to PGA Hall of Fame. McLeod, who won U.S. Open in 1908, has been playing in major tournaments since 1903.



**MAUREEN BROUTT** of Englewood, N.J., nine-time winner of N.Y. Metropolitan title and golf writer for *New York Times*, shot 36-hole 113 to edge Mrs. Julius Fager by a stroke, capture North and South Senior Women's Golf Championship at Pinehurst, N.C.



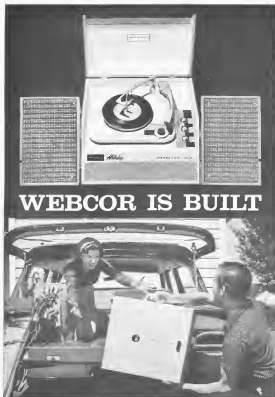
**HENRY CHEN**, playing for North Charleston, S.C.'s Chocoma H.S., starred as line-backer and guard, then switched to offensive end for five plays, threw one pass for 50 yards, caught another for 21, earned for six on triple reverse. Chen lost 12-5.



**TODD BRINKMAN**, 24-year-old electrical contractor from Springfield, Ill., won C-1 Runabout and C-1 Hydroplane races at the National Outboard Avon meet at McAlester, Okla. to become first driver to take two world championships two years of succession.



**DICK CLARK** of Greenville, S.C., plumber and rapid weekend motorcyclist, brushed away grease butterflies to jockey his Triumph through 14 laps and win southeastern championship of American Motorcycle Assn. for sixth consecutive year at Hickory, N.C.



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## COMING EVENTS

November 4 to November 10  
All times are E.S.T.

\* Color television \* Television ■ Network radio

### Friday, November 4

**BASKETBALL** (pre)  
Detroit at Philadelphia.

**FOOTBALL** (pre)  
Los Angeles Chargers at New York Titans (N)  
Oakland at Boston (A)

### Saturday, November 5

**BASKETBALL** (pre)

Cincinnati at Boston  
New York at St. Louis  
Philadelphia vs. Detroit at Boston

\* **BOXING**  
Jones vs. Tygus, middle, 10 rds., Boston, 10 p.m. (ABC)

**FOOTBALL** (college)

Colorado at Montreal  
Denver vs. Air Force at Denver (ABC) \*  
Harvard at Princeton  
Illinois at Michigan (ABC) \*  
Iowa at Minnesota  
Maryland at Penn State  
Michigan State at Purdue  
Navy at Duke, 1-45 p.m. (Mutual)  
Nebraska at Kansas  
Pittsburgh at Notre Dame, 1:30 p.m. (ABC)  
Tennessee at Louisville  
Texas vs. Arkansas at Lufkin, 1:30 p.m. (ABC) \*  
Tennessee at Georgia Tech  
Texas at Baylor  
UCLA at California  
Washington at USC

**GOLF**

\* All Star Golf series, Middlebrook vs. Henry, 6 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

**HOCKEY**

Chicago at Montreal  
New York at Toronto

**HORSE RACING**

Regatta Handicap, \$50,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.  
The Selma, \$50,000 added, Laurel, Md.

**HUNT RACE MEETING**

Montpelier Hunt Race, Montpelier Station, Vt.

### Sunday, November 6

**BASKETBALL** (pre)

Syracuse vs. Los Angeles at San Francisco  
**FOOTBALL** (pre)  
Dallas Tornado at Buffalo (ABC) \*  
Detroit at San Francisco  
Green Bay at Baltimore (NBC-TV, CBS-TV, Mutual-radio) \*  
Houston at Denver (ABC) \*  
Los Angeles at Dallas (CBS) \*  
New York at Cleveland (CBS-TV, Sports Network-TV, CBS-radio) \*  
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia  
Washington at St. Louis (CBS) \*

**GOLF**

Chickadee Golf series, Ed Gardner vs. Sam Snead, 2 p.m. (NBC)

### Monday, November 7

**BOWLING**

\* Jackpot Bowling, Labanski vs. Kallings, Hollywood, Calif. (NBC)

### Tuesday, November 8

**BASKETBALL** (pre)

Boston at Cincinnati

**HORSE RACING**

The Remona, \$35,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

### Wednesday, November 9

**BASKETBALL** (pre)

Detroit at St. Louis  
Philadelphia vs. Los Angeles at St. Louis  
**HOCKEY**  
Detroit at New York  
Toronto at Chicago

### Thursday, November 10

**BASKETBALL** (pre)

Philadelphia at New York  
**HORSE RACING**  
Good Time Farm, \$65,000, Yonkers, N.Y.  
**HOCKEY**  
Detroit at Boston  
New York at Montreal

\* See local listing





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## EDITORIALS

# EXPAND BASEBALL, DON'T DILUTE IT

Increased population and income, television saturation, thruways and jets have brought strong demands from cities without major league baseball teams for a chance to participate in the national sport. More good baseball is fine, for the game and for the fans; more mediocre baseball merely waters the wine. The sudden decision last week by American League owners to expand their league from eight to 10 teams next season (an expansion we welcome in principle) has created some confusion and caused some inequities.

Here is how the cities fared:

- 1) Washington lost a good and colorful team when its owner, Calvin Griffith, picked up the Senators and made Minneapolis-St. Paul Millers out of them. Washington fans will have to develop a new allegiance, to a team of inferior players, and they are entitled to be resentful. Minneapolis-St. Paul fans are to be congratulated.
- 2) The Los Angeles that belonged to Walter O'Malley will now be shared with a new American League club. This annoys O'Malley as much as it titillates old Dodger fans in Brooklyn. But the new, weak L.A. club will have a tough time competing with the National League's Dodgers—Angelenos like a winning team.
- 3) Dallas-Fort Worth, large population centers with plenty of money and enthusiasm, and Toronto, eager for baseball, were supposed to get preference in expansion after the league owners stifled the Continental League movement, in which all

three cities were involved. Now those Texas and Canadian fans will have to choose between major league baseball on a 21-inch screen and minor league games in the sunshine.

Where are the new clubs going to get players, and how good will they be? Each of the present eight American League teams will relinquish to the new clubs (at a fixed price) a limited number of its regular players. Obviously, the new teams will get the discards. Their only other sources of talent will be the colleges, free agents and those minor league teams not already in major league investment portfolios.

Expansion, long resisted, should not now go too far too fast. There already is talk of 12-team leagues in the two majors. We would welcome more and more expert players in the game, but the controlling word is "expert." Baseball lovers tire of mediocrity faster than some proprietors think. Four new, quasi-permanent second-division clubs in each league would not help baseball, the public or in the long run—the owners.

## VOTE FOR FUN AND GAMES

New York and California have the chance November 8 to provide themselves with badly needed sports land, whatever these states may think of policy on Quemoy or Castro. In New York, voters should and probably will approve a \$75 million bond issue, to be matched by another \$10 million in local communities, for recreational land. In California, voters can and should approve tax assessments on golf courses based on their recreational use rather than their market value. If these two constructive steps are taken, other densely populated states probably will follow suit. Both money and land are needed to meet a demand for sports and recreation facilities that is greater than ever before.

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# LESS ROOM AT

by **WALTER BINGHAM**

**T**HE football season passed from October into November, and the list of logical candidates for the national title dwindled to five. Undeclared Iowa, looking better each week, gained in stature with a 21-7 victory over Kansas. But two other Big Ten teams, Minnesota and Ohio State, also advanced. The three begin an abbreviated round-robin elimination this Saturday in Minneapolis when Iowa meets Minnesota. Any one of them may emerge as the national champion. Only the Big Eight leader, Missouri, which continued undefeated with an impressive win over Nebraska, and Navy, a scared victor over Notre Dame, can challenge them.

Cut from the list of eligibles last Saturday were two of 1959's top-ranked teams, Syracuse and Mississippi. A strong and—it is becoming increasingly clear—badly underrated Pittsburgh exposed Syracuse as just a poor imitation of last year's championship team as it beat the Orange 10-0. Mississippi, which has grown fat on a marshmallow schedule, was fortunate to the LSU, a team that had lost four straight games. A third pretender to the title, Baylor, previously undefeated and ranked seventh, was defeated easily by twice-beaten TCU. And ninth-ranking Washington, though it did manage to nip Oregon in the last three minutes 7-6, lost all

NAVY **14**

NOTRE DAME **7**

PITT **10**

SYRACUSE **0**



**CRASH-DIVING** Joe Bellino of Navy makes four yards against Notre Dame.



**HARD RUNNING** Joe Trafant of Pitt goes 14 yards to score against Syracuse.

# THE TOP

As the race for football's national championship grew tighter, Syracuse and Mississippi, strong preseason favorites, were virtually eliminated

chance for consideration by the tameness of its victory.

The death of Syracuse's 16-game winning streak, and with it its hope of repeating as national champion, was not entirely unexpected. Narrow escapes against Kansas, Holy Cross and Penn State hinted at a future failure. Some of last year's heroes looked lazy. Complacency became an unpopular but often-heard word on the campus. Still it was thought that the Syracuse team was very good, good enough to beat Pittsburgh. It was startling to see how timidly the Orange accepted defeat when it came.

Syracuse made only five first downs all afternoon and never two in a row.

Only once did it get past midfield. Its All-American halfback, Ernie Davis, made only 37 yards in 13 carries. Pitt recovered three Syracuse fumbles and intercepted as many passes. Throughout the game the Pitt line blocked and tackled viciously, completely outplaying the Syracuse line.

Pitt scored a touchdown in the first period after an interception by junior Linebacker Joe Kuzneski gave it the ball on the Syracuse 15. On second down Quarterback Jim Traficant faked a handoff to Fullback Jim Cunningham, then followed him through a wide hole over right tackle and straight into the end zone. In the third period Halfback Fred Cox kicked

a 38-yard field goal, and Syracuse was a beaten team.

Mississippi, for the second straight week, salvaged a degree of dignity with a last-second field goal. Two weeks ago Mississippi beat Arkansas on a 39-yarder by Allen Green with three seconds remaining. Last week Green kicked two more, the second from 42 yards out with six seconds left to tie LSU 6-6, but Mississippi Coach Johnny Vaught had no illusions about its meaning. In the dressing room after the game he said quietly, "We shouldn't have lost. I consider a tie a loss." And well he might, for he knew that the tie had ruined

*continued*

WASHINGTON **7** OREGON **6**

MISSISSIPPI **6** LSU **6**



**HIGH-JUMPING** Mickey Bruce of Oregon steals a pass from Lee Folkins.

**FAST-STRIDING** Jake Gibbs (12) of Ole Miss makes eight yards against LSU.

Mississippi's chances for top ranking.

Of the five teams fighting for the national championship, Iowa probably is the favorite, if only because of its phenomenal luck, which has cursed to the Hawkeyes three times this season. But one Big Ten coach, Purdue's Jack Mollenkopf, is not so sure that Iowa's breaks are all luck. Iowa has earned them, he says, because it plays open, daring football. The Hawkeyes never punt on third down and often gamble with one or two yards to go on fourth down, even when in their own territory. So it follows that a team with such adventurous spirit should be blessed with good fortune.

Minnesota and Ohio State are on the cautious side. Coach Murray Warmath of Minnesota believes there is nothing so effective as a solid running offense, a point Minnesota demonstrated with a vengeance in its 48-7 win over Kansas State. Minnesota scored four touchdowns on one-yard runs and two touchdowns on two-yard runs.

The Minnesota defense is one of the best in the country. In six games its opponents have scored only 31 points. Thus Minnesota can afford to be patient, punt on third down if necessary and wait for the breaks.

Woody Hayes of Ohio State makes Warmath look like a radical. Hayes is undoubtedly the most conservative coach in the land. "When you get fancy, you get beat," he likes to say, and evidently even a simple handoff to a halfback is fancy in Woody's quarterback book. In some 300 plays the Buckeyes ran off in their first five games, halfbacks handled the ball only 38 times.

It follows that the Hayes system provides the quarterback and fullback with busy Saturday afternoons. Quarterback Tom Matte will hand off to Fullback Bob Ferguson, who will smack into the line for three yards. The same play gains three more. Then Matte fakes to Ferguson, keeps and picks up four yards and a first down. When Matte does throw a pass, he is often successful, perhaps because it is such a surprise.

Of course, by keeping his halfbacks idle Hayes permits opposing defenses to overload against Ferguson and Matte. But that hasn't kept the Buckeyes from scoring. And, as Hayes

says, "We're gonna wreck somebody with our halfbacks yet."

Last week, against Michigan State, Hayes stuck to the fullback-quarterback formula through a scoreless first period. Then, early in the second period, Quarterback Matte gave the ball to a halfback, Bob Klein. Klein ran 46 yards almost unnoticed for a touchdown. Ohio State went on to win 21-10.

Missouri has the best record among the top five teams. It has won seven games, scoring 210 points to its opponents' 31. Like Minnesota and Ohio State, Missouri has a good running game, especially to the outside, and, also like both, it has a crushing defense. Were it in the Big Ten, Missouri might very well be battling with Iowa, Minnesota and Ohio State for the league title.

Navy, probably, would not be, but Navy is different. Navy, simply, is Joe Bellino, and as such it may be the most exciting team of all. It is Bellino sweeping end, Bellino starting wide again but this time passing, Bellino catching a pass, Bellino diving over a stacked line into the end zone and Bellino getting off a 50-yard quick kick. When he isn't doing one of these things, Bellino is blocking or tackling.

Joe Bellino is a 21-year-old senior, a halfback and a solid bet to win the Heisman Trophy as the best football player in the nation. Last year Bellino scored three touchdowns against Army, the first Navy man to do so. This year he has scored 80 points, a Naval Academy record. And against Notre Dame last week Bellino scored both touchdowns.

In other parts of the country there are teams with remarkable records. These colleges are understandably ignored when it comes to awarding the mythical national title, simply because they never play against the top-ranked schools. This does not mean, however, that their players necessarily are inferior. A typical case this year is New Mexico State (opposite).

\* This Saturday four of the five leading teams play critical games. Only Ohio State, which meets Indiana, can relax. Bellino must run against Duke, a team with five victories in six games. Missouri also plays a team which has won five out of six, Colorado. But Iowa and Minnesota have the biggest game of all, against each other. Iowa, daring and lucky, against Minnesota, cautious and patient. On Saturday night the list of candidates for the national title will be reduced by at least one, perhaps more.



REACTING AS ONE, a quartet of Ohio State players ran, dive and crawl for first-period Michigan State fumble. Quarterback Bill Mrukowski (26) recovered the ball.



# THE TEAM THE PROS WATCH

**High-scoring New Mexico State, unbeaten and virtually unseen, may get more bids in the draft than the top teams**

by ROY TERRELL

ALMOST every football season produces one or more small college teams that win most of their games but attract no public attention outside their immediate areas. Frequently the first national notice these teams receive is at draft time, when their unknown stars pop up near the top of the professionals' "wanted" list. Such a team is little New Mexico State. Last Saturday night, down in the crisp desert air of Arizona, the Aggies won their seventh straight victory of 1960.

They beat Arizona State in a wonderfully exciting game by a 27-24 score, and they did it once again with a backfield that would surprise most sports page readers. It may be the best in the country.

New Mexico State is not noted for its sharp defensive talents—no team coached by Warren Woodson ever is—and on Saturday night in Tempe the Aggie line leaked like a crumbling levee. Arizona State has a good ball club; in fact, it has two or three good ball clubs, and it ran through New Mexico State for 328 yards, three touchdowns and a field goal. At one point early in the fourth quarter the Sun Devils led by a score of 24-14. But then New Mexico's Pervis Atkins, who is the senior partner in the firm of Atkins, Gaiters, Johnson and Jackson, shook loose for a 98-yard kickoff return and a 71-yard run from scrimmage and New Mexico State won again.

Atkins, a 195-pound Negro who



TEAMMATES LAUGH AT BOB GAITERS' JOKES DURING RIDE TO ARIZONA STATE GAME

can run the 100-yard dash in 9.6 seconds, led the nation in rushing and scoring last year. This season he has been running at wingback, carrying the ball only on occasion, catching passes, acting as a decoy and blocking. Sometimes, however, the Aggies need him to take over, as they needed him Saturday night. When he was through, the lithe Californian with the antelope gait had a season record of 453 yards in only 43 astonishing carries for an average of more than 10 yards a try; he had caught 18 passes for 269 yards; he had scored 10 touchdowns and kicked one conversion for 61 points. The Los Angeles Rams have already drafted him, and they can hardly wait until he arrives next season.

The reason Atkins is playing wingback this year is that his roommate and best friend, Tailback Bob Gaiters, weighs 210 pounds and can run the 100 in 9.8. Gaiters did not have one of his big nights against Arizona—in fact, he had his worst of the season—but still he gained 81 yards in 18 carries, scored a touchdown and almost personally conducted the Aggies on their first scoring drive. When

the night was over, Gaiters was leading the nation in rushing, with 917 yards in 158 carries and also in scoring with 98 points.

One reason Atkins and Gaiters are able to run so well is Charley Johnson, who weighs 190 pounds and can't really run very well at all. But Johnson is a smart, cool quarterback who likes to gamble, a marvelous team leader and a boy who throws a football like Johnny Unitas. He has been drafted by the St. Louis Cardinals, and the Cardinals could use him right now. Last season Johnson was second in the nation in total offense, seventh in passing yardage and led everybody with 18 touchdown passes. Saturday night he completed seven of 14 for 61 yards and one touchdown, which gave him a season record of 74 completions in 127 attempts for 929 yards. He leads the nation once again in touchdown passes with nine. His running and passing set up the second Aggie touchdown.

The fourth member of the New Mexico State backfield is a junior named Bob Jackson who weighs 215 pounds and runs over people. He

continued



WIFE CALLS SIGNALS AS QUARTERBACK JOHNSON WIPES DISH



PERVIS ATKINS LOADS UP TRAY IN UNIVERSITY'S CAFETERIA

#### PROS' CHOICE *continued*

didn't run over very many Saturday night but this was a tough line he was going against and he is still the junior member of the firm. As for the Aggies themselves, their 257 yards running and passing and 27 points scored kept them on top of the major college statistics in both these categories. They have now scored 272 points.

Not everyone will agree that New Mexico State deserves its status as a major college. It does not play Oklahoma or Pittsburgh or Southern Cal; it plays New Mexico and West Texas State and Texas Western and schools like that. But this is a matter of definition. Certainly, to the teams which have been overrun this season, the Aggies from little Las Cruces loom as large as the Chicago Bears.

There was a time, long ago, when victory was not considered a good enough reason for dancing in the streets in Las Cruces. In 1903, for example, the Aggies were unscathed upon in five games, although the season ended on a slightly deflated note when El Paso High School held them to a scoreless tie. Again in 1923 New Mexico State overpowered all opposition, including New Mexico Military, Montezuma, Fort Bliss and the Garden Grocers of El Paso. But then the

supermarket was invented, New Mexico State joined the Border Conference and, until 1959, it had had only one winning season in 21 years.

Then Dr. Roger Corbett, the New Mexico State University president, decided that enough was enough. Dr. Corbett was on the staff at Maryland when Curly Bird hired Jim Tatum to revitalize the Terps, and Corbett is a man who likes football and believes that it plays an important part in college life. So in 1958 he went out and hired Warren Brooks Woodson to coach New Mexico State.

Woodson is sometimes called an ornery old moss-backed so-and-so, even by his friends. His enemies prefer not to discuss him at all. He has been accused of running up scores to horrifying heights, of refusing to shake hands with a defeated opponent, of stealing good-looking freshman halfbacks right off someone else's campus. He has little use for alumni who fail to help him build up a football team and no use at all for alumni who try to tell him how to do it.

Yet no one ever accused Warren Woodson of turning out either a poor football team or an uninteresting one. His quarterbacks have firm instructions to pass at least 20 times a game, at least seven times in the first quarter. He will try almost anything once

—and will try it again if it succeeds. Despite his hornynhandedness, Woodson's players respect him for his honesty and knowledge and skill and never-ending search for perfection.

After New Mexico State pounded Wichita 40-8 a week ago, Wichita Coach Hank Follberg warned Woodson that his ball club was going to get even next year. "Why, of course, Henry," said Woodson. "Of course. That's what football is all about."

#### Slightly misest

Woodson fits no one's conception of a coach. Now 57, he is a man of average height and weight; his brown hair is thinning and turning gray at the temples; he speaks in a soft, high-pitched, drawing voice; he wears glasses and dresses in neat, conservative clothes. He does not drink or smoke or use profanity ("I don't know how a man can sound that mean without cussin'," one of his players once said), and he resembles a moderately successful insurance salesman on the verge of retirement.

In the years since he graduated from Baylor in 1924, Woodson has coached at a lot of places, high school, junior college, college, and he has had only four losing teams. He has won 195 college football games and in six bowl appearances he has yet to lose.

Woodson has been offered jobs at

big universities but, for one reason or another, he has always turned them down. "Sometimes I didn't like the setup," he says, and adds forthrightly, "sometimes they didn't like me." Primarily he remained at small schools because there he could run things the way he wanted to. He came to New Mexico State only when assured that he would be head coach, athletic director, the man in full charge. Today Woodson is happy he went to New Mexico and New Mexico is deliciously happy to have him.

New Mexico State University ranks high among the "Who's That?" of American colleges. Hardly anyone outside west Texas, New Mexico and Arizona has any idea where it is or what it is or even why. "The most difficult recruiting problem we had when we first came here," says Woodson, "was convincing a prospective football player in California or Pennsylvania that there really was such a place."

Las Cruces, State's home town, is located 40 miles north of El Paso, a few miles west of the White Sands Proving Ground and 15 blocks from where Billy the Kid made his last jail break. On the outskirts of Las Cruces, with the unusual spires of the Organ Mountains as a backdrop, stand the yellow stucco buildings with the red tile roofs that make up the university. The campus is dotted with Chinese elms and a number of blades of grass. It is a Southwest school with a Southwest heritage, and everyone is very friendly, almost as if this were one of the entrance requirements. A land grant college, for years State was known as New Mexico A&M, but the name was changed in 1958, and almost immediately the proportion of female students to male students shot up from 1 in 7 to 1 in 3. "Girls don't like for people to think they are agricultural students," says Dr. Corbett.

There is still a good agricultural course, but New Mexico State is now better known for its emphasis on the physical sciences. Its physics department brings in students from all over the country and outside the country as well; there are large sums of money to carry on an anti-missile applied research program and there is a new basic research center. Awarding Ph.D.s in physics, mathematics and engineering, the school has grown to 3,600 and it is expected to reach 10,000

in the course of the next 15 years.

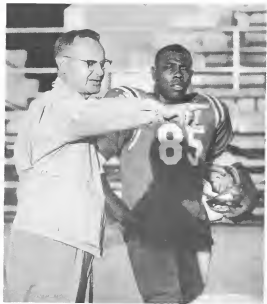
When Woodson arrived in the spring of 1958, he could find only eight boys whom he considered proper material. He had only 35 football scholarships, and there was no money for more. But Woodson has long been known as a most compelling recruiter. By the fall, he had a respectable team. It was made up of a few leftovers, several transfers—and 25 freshmen. Border Conference rules allow freshmen to play varsity sports and these were good freshmen. They won four games, lost three others by a touchdown or less, and New Mexico State was on its way.

Woodson has one weakness as a coach—defense bores him. However, when he came to New Mexico State he conceded that some defense might be necessary. Accordingly, he hired Tom Moulton to coach the line; next year he hired Paul Alley to work with the ends; this past summer he hired Howard White to coach the defensive

backs. As a result, New Mexico State began to show progress on defense last year, and the progress has been respectably sustained this year.

But New Mexico State still lacks depth, and it must score quickly and often to win. The boys who have been scoring quickly and often for the last two years are Galters and Atkins. Both came together from Santa Ana (Calif.) Junior College with big reputations, and the reason they picked New Mexico State was a man named Harry Skinner, an alumnus ('37) who had a business in Los Angeles and a son playing on that same Santa Ana team. "Man," says Atkins, who was raised in Zanesville, Ohio, "we didn't know where it was, but we went." "You went," says Atkins. "I just followed along." For four days after they arrived in Las Cruces, Atkins kept his bags packed, just inside the dormitory door, trying to talk Galters into going

*continued on page 65*



**DIRECTING PRACTICE.** Coach Warren Woodson, a strict perfectionist where offensive football is concerned, explains a play pattern to rushing leader Bob Galters.

# TIME RUNS OUT FOR ARCHIE

**Archie Moore is old and he is wise, but he is also fat. A hard young Italian named Rinaldi whacked him into submission in a 10-round nontitle bout in Rome, to the delight of Italian boxing fans**

THE QUALITY of agelessness that Archie Moore has displayed for so many years, to the great joy of his generation, suddenly departed him last Saturday night and left only gallantry and guile to sustain him against youth.

Still the world light heavyweight boxing champion in everybody's book but that of the mauling National Boxing Association, Archie lost in a Roman ring to a fighter who would scarcely have caused him inconvenience two years ago. He lost to the Italian light heavyweight champion, Giulio Rinaldi, a 25-year-old who suddenly took on international importance by his feat. Neither man's title was at stake, for the match was decidedly over-the-weight. The 175-pound champions came in at 190.4 pounds for Moore, 181.7 for Rinaldi. Archie's excess was carried about his belly, which bulged beneath silk trunks artfully tailored to conceal his many dietary indiscretions. But the best taylor on the Via Veneto could not have hidden Archie's paunch this night.

Over-age, overweight, overconfident and undertrained, Moore was all but stopped in the 10th, the final round. Referee Marcello Tinelli, indeed, gave him an eight-count, observing the European rule that a fighter who has been "injured" may be counted over even though he has not been knocked down. Seeing that the referee was about to stop the fight, Moore failed his gloves furiously in protest, and Tinelli motioned the fighters to resume.

It was an exciting fight, and the 10th was its most fascinating round, for it revealed to the capacity crowd of 14,000 screaming Italians packed into the new Palazzo dello Sport the innate bravery of Archie Moore, the stuff of the heart that has made him one of the world's most admired and

beloved champions. Ringsiders had paid \$32.20, an extraordinary ticket price in Italy and an extraordinary price anywhere for a nontitle fight these days. They were not, however, overcharged. They saw quite a show.

The star was Archie, wedged in the 10th round in Rinaldi's corner with the crowd howling for a kill. Desperately, on trembling legs, the star held to his footing and somehow survived Rinaldi's double-fisted poundings to the final bell. It was a stirring feat for an old athlete of at least 43, all the more stirring in that Rinaldi is known as a hit of a puncher. He won his title last March with a first-round TKO, when he forced the previous Italian champion to quit on his feet.

## **Fair decision**

The decision was unanimously against Moore (though the Associated Press scorecard gave him a 5-3-2 edge), and Archie himself conceded that he would have asked only for a split decision or, at most, a draw. He had almost won the fight by a knock-out in the eighth round, when he sank a fist into Rinaldi's liver, a painful blow that doubled up the Italian until one of his gloves touched the canvas. But Moore was too exhausted—he had begun to show his weariness in the seventh—and could not follow up. The round ended with Archie calling on all his old tricks of elusiveness to extricate himself from the Italian's counterattack. From then on the world champion's only purpose was survival. Rinaldi battered him about the ring in the ninth and almost did him in in the 10th.

It was Moore's first defeat since Floyd Patterson beat him in 1956. Archie took it philosophically. "It doesn't kill me to lose a fight once in a while," he said. "It only inspires me to fight better."

Archie was in fact inspired to sug-

gest that the next time he fights Rinaldi it be for the world title. Although the NBA recently stripped him of his championship (for failure to defend it within a technically required and universally ignored six-month period), Europe as well as New York and other U.S. state commissions still hold that Archie is world champion. He felt that an actual title fight between him and Rinaldi—suddenly an Italian national hero—might be held at an outdoor stadium in Rome in early summer.

"I would fight him again," Archie said, "provided his men came up with a championship bout of 15 rounds, which is better for me than a 10-round fight. Also, if I were down to 175 I would do much better."

Archie's trainer, Dick Saddler, blamed some of Archie's excess weight on inability to comprehend the metric system and its confusing use of kilograms instead of simple pounds.

"I still don't know what we really weigh," Saddler sighed after the weigh-in, "and I haven't since we've been here. Everybody says 'It's about this' or 'It's about that' but we've never been sure."

It was costly fat in more than one respect. Archie had been guaranteed \$20,000 but had agreed to forfeit \$1,000 for every pound he weighed over 185. He could therefore have been decked \$5,000 had not the promoters relented and given him \$19,000. The promoters could afford to be generous, for, thanks to Moore's drawing power, they grossed about \$65,000 in one of Italy's most financially successful fights of recent years.

"They sent us an old man to fight Rinaldi," an Italian fan cracked on getting his first look at Moore's graying head and ponderous paunch. And that, to be sure, was true, but it was a very remarkable old man. Next time, young Rinaldi, watch out!

END



**AFTER THE FIGHT** Archie (above) was sadly philosophical, blaming his failure on a plethora of weight and a paucity of rounds, and observing that an occasional defeat "inspires me to

fight better." But in the 16th round (below) Archie crouched helplessly in Rinaldi's corner, covering himself with weary arms and hoping only to survive without being knocked out.



Photographs by Art Skog

## The Battle of Pelee

"The miracle of Pelee Island," says the Rev. Theodore Brain, pastor of its Anglican congregation, "is not that the pheasants multiply like flies on a summer day but that so many hunters get out alive." Pelee Island, which lies in Lake Erie some 16 miles off Kingsville, Ont., is perhaps thicker with pheasants than any other natural preserve: there are 24,000 birds in its 36 square miles. There were, that is, up till last week, when 966 hunters arrived by plane and boat to join 200 of the island's 500 residents in Pelee's annual two-day pheasant shoot. Providentially, there were only two accidents of any consequence (see page 26).

By nightfall on Tuesday, every Pelee farmer had

*continued*





**EARLY-BIRD** pheasant hunters and their dogs, who flew over in private and charter planes for the two-day shoot wait at Pelee Island's airstrip for rides to their lodgings.

**4 IN THE FIELDS**, a wary patrol of six hunters, shotguns at the ready, stalks through the bush after the island's pheasants, which must likely outnumber them 4,000 to one.

**BIRD-DOGGING** pastor, the Rev. Theodore Brain, points for Creighton J. Hamel, reeve, or mayor, of Pelee Island. Said Hamel: "We bought an extra 500 birds, just to be sure."



provided bed and board (at \$30 to \$50 a head) for up to a dozen hunters, each of whom had purchased \$56 worth of licenses for the privilege of bagging 10 cocks.

Wednesday dawned with a drizzle, and an east wind raked the hedgerows, ravines, corn stubble and soybean fields, driving the birds to deep cover. The start of the hunt was set for 8 a.m., but to the south the barrage began 20 minutes early. Like a line of skirmishers, the parties swept the fields, dogs working back and forth in their ancient geometry. The cannonading of the guns, the shrill whistles directing the dogs, even the dour weather—all were reminiscent of the Western



**BUNDLED** in foul-weather gear, Mrs. Fred Garling of Dearborn, Mich., totes her gun like a flagpole. At Lake Erie's edge (right) two hunters bring down two pheasants heading desperately for open water.







Front. Instinctively, whenever a bird rose, a hunter who was being tailed by another dropped to his knees. The shot fell on the caps and shoulders of participants and observers like rice at a wedding.

At the parsonage, Mrs. Brain peered anxiously out of her window. "I have two pheasant friends," she confided. "I do hope they've found a good hiding place." They needed one. If the dogs failed to rout them out, they were likely to be trampled to death. Despite the wind and rain that "made runners out of flyers," the bag was decent, and at nightfall the

*continued*



**ON THE BEACH.** Mrs. James Blake of Newark, Ohio leisurely fires from an abandoned, backless Morris chair. Many pheasants, frightened by the fierce fusillade, sought peace and quiet over the waves.



PELEE PURPLE HEART ROBERT GLEN TOOK A BLAST BROADSIDE THROUGH A HEDGEROW BUT SUFFERED ONLY MINOR DAMAGE

#### BATTLE *continued*

birds hung by their pretty necks from every clothesline.

While the Rev. Brain comforted the wounded (see above), a service he had once performed during World War II, clerks at the township office, which resembled a feudal counting house, tallied the swag: \$33,000, nearly half the yearly operating fund for the island, and \$20,000 more for the Province. A Pelee Island farmer's annual net income averages \$2,800, and taxes are steep on the

island, so the hunters' money was needed and welcome.

By Thursday morning the rain stopped. Wet ground and a heavy overcast kept the birds down. But this only goaded the hunters to greater effort, and the gunfire was intense. "Haven't heard anything like this," said one oldtimer merrily, "since Perry took Put In Bay in '13."

"For this weather it wasn't a bad shoot," said a warden tallying birds at the airstrip. "Of course, there's always a batch who catch a little shot, but what the hell—three years ago a fellow was killed."

END



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# NEW

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# STETSON



## DOWN WITH GOURMETS

After too much exposure to the Francophile doubletalk in current cookery, a repatriate Texan pleads for a return to honest eating

by **STANLEY WALKER**

**I**t must be obvious that the current trend in American cooking has been carried to lunatic lengths, with fakery breeding upon idiocy and culinary snobbery flourishing in the fields, the apartments and the patios of every little show-off in this country. That phase in American history known as Keeping Up with the Joneses (or Maggie and Jiggs trying to get into society) has been replaced by our current status-seeking need to outdo the Joneses.

In the field of cooking, we are now trying not only to outdo the Joneses but to outdo France. Instead of imitating the French as they deserve, and as we used to do in our Jiggs and Maggie days, we now make up bastard dishes in the name of France, use only her more theatrical touches and trimmings, give them fractured or classical French names and call ourselves gourmets. After fairly steady reading of national magazines and assorted

city newspapers, after listening to the radio and keeping my ear to the ground here at Black Sheep Ranch in central Texas (a 40-minute mule ride from Hard Bargain Mountain), I consider myself a man abreast of the times and trends. And it seems to me that what we have arrived at in cookery is a line of goods comparable to the valises once introduced to the radio public by Bob and Ray. Their proud and boastful selling point was that their product was made of "genuine, simulated leatherette."

The cookout with its steaks and chops was not a bad idea originally—if you like burned meat and fresh air, or if you are a chicken. But it couldn't be left simple or even small; its recipes and pretentious behavior now run something like this:

In the bottom of a large copper pot, place 10 pounds of bones. Cover with successive layers of beef, frogs' legs and lamb chops with frilled paper

cuffs on each. On top of this arrange layers of *pâté de foie gras*, imported French (white) asparagus, truffles, slices of well-ripened Brie cheese (imported, of course), 2 cups of red caviar and 3 pounds of garlic. Cover with *sauce Soubise*, *sauce béchamel*, *sauce Robert*, *sauce velouté* and a soupçon of every herb and seasoning on the kitchen shelf except, of course, salt and pepper. Pour over this mess a quart of vintage Burgundy and a pint of fine old brandy. Wrap pot in grape leaves, corn shucks, wet copies of the real estate section of the Sunday papers, a two-inch layer of clay and bury in a pit lined with aluminum foil. Cover with ashes and coals. Leave everything alone for 24 hours (my advice is leave it alone forever) while telephoning the neighbors, polishing up two dozen wooden-handled soup spoons and dusting off the oversized *Linnéus* soup tureen.

*continued*



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### DOWN WITH GOURMETS *continued*

After the neighbors arrive, remove pot from hole, pry loose the wrappings with a crowbar and remove lid. Then herd the guests around the pot to sniff and murmur reverently, "Ah."



THE HOST, wearing a tall chef's hat and an apron with comic quips on it, now dishes out the contents, first into the soup tureen and then into the bowls, handing each customer a croissant with which to sop up the gravy. The guests eat. There are a few further murmurs of "Ah" and "Delicious" and "What is it?" A few will get sick, a few will get drunk from too much gravy, but there will also be one or two manly rumblings off in the corner, from husbands to wives, that sound very much like, "Let's get the hell out of here, over to Joe's Diner."

After one more "What is it?" the hostess grandly and archly answers that it is a *pot-au-feu*. "It's French," she adds loudly, trying to get through to the Joe's Diner set and the other riffraff.

In urban apartments, similar fare is served up with a somewhat different ritual: A hunk of tough meat is marinated for 10 days in vintage Burgundy (how in hell did my grandmother ever get a meal together for the harvest hands without vintage Burgundy?) and herbs—every conceivable herb regardless of whether they blend, counteract or fight one

another like Texas coyotes. After 10 days this corroded meat is cooked, not long enough or slowly enough. Just before it is served, brandy is poured over it, the lights are turned out and it is borne to the table blazing like the boiler of a Mark Twain river boat. Again the guests present gush and mumble awed ahs and pressing what-is-its. While grating pepper over it from a three-foot pepper mill (holding one end of it down with her knee), the hostess pants that it is *boeuf au cavaillon mariné*. "Flam-Be!" she calls testily after a couple of inattentive listeners who have begun looking for water buckets to put out the fire.

It is not contended here that it is a sin to borrow from the world's best, to adapt it and maybe improve on it. That is what piebald America has been doing ever since the first immigrants landed here with their national and ancestral recipes. We have, as a consequence, a variety of good eating that no other country enjoys. We have Pennsylvania Dutch, Midwest Scandinavian, Milwaukee German, West Coast Oriental, Texas and New Mexico Mexican and Spanish, and French and Italian pretty much everywhere. In addition to our foreign heritage, we are, in our own right, the country of turkeys, Louisiana bullfrogs, Maine lobsters and golden bantam corn; of Maryland terrapin, Kansas beef, Chesapeake oysters, Long Island bay scallops, Virginia ham, Idaho potatoes, and Gulf shrimp. In this great land with its variety of climate, a vast selection

*continued*

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sophisticated readers all over the nation will recall him as the author of such best-selling books as *Mrs. Astor's Horse*, *The Night Club Era*, *City Editor and Home to Texas*. But New Yorkers who date back to the pre-repeal era will remember Stanley Walker best as the tangy and provocative city editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* in an age when daily journalism was as jealous of style and flavor as it is now of circulation and advertising revenues. He zealously studied the public's pecca-

dillores and helped to mold its taste. This may be a tactless time to mention it, but before he left them after 26 years to return to his native Texas, Walker's New York friends considered him a gourmet.



His friend, James Thurber, whose pertinent drawings, hitherto unpublished, adorn these pages and the cover of this issue, has recently added acting to his assorted accomplishments. He plays James Thurber in the hit Broadway production of *A Thurber Carnival*.

*Some Answers to the Car Question of the year--*

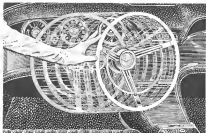
# WHAT WILL THE 1961 THUNDERBIRD BE LIKE?



Six years ago Ford presented the first two-passenger Thunderbird. Overnight this slim, trim personal car with the fiery personality became a symbol of everything that was modern.

Three years later the 4-passenger Thunderbird appeared and a new automotive era began. The Thunderbird idea started to change the shape of the American car.

On November 10th a new trend begins with a completely new Thunderbird—the finest ever built. The features that mean Thunderbird have all been preserved. The new Thunderbird is not a hair wider nor a tenth of an inch longer than its predecessors. The classic roofline, the distinctive styling, the quick and elegant motion, the 4-passenger luxury, the famous console and the rich interiors are all present in superb new form.



The new optional Swing-Away Steering Wheel symbolizes the trend-setting newness of this remarkable car. When you enter or leave your new Thunderbird, a touch of the hand moves the wheel aside a full ten inches. With the wheel out of the way, you find getting in and out extraordinarily easy. And the Swing-Away Steering Wheel is built to move *only* when the transmission is in PARK. You can set the car in motion only when the wheel is securely locked in driving position.

In the tradition of engineering leadership that keeps Thunderbird unique among cars, the 1961 Thunderbird introduces many outstanding advances in automotive luxury and convenience. Every change that has been made is significant in terms of greater elegance, greater performance, greater luxury—and above all—greater comfort. Door openings are wider and higher. The windshield projection has been eliminated. You enter and leave your new Thunderbird with an ease and freedom you've never experienced before.

Twelve extra pounds of foam rubber cushioning have been moulded into the seats. And although exterior Thunderbird dimensions have been retained, improvements in design (including the use of curved side windows) have permitted generous increases in shoulder, elbow and hip room.

## *New Thunderbird Spirit*

It's an old Detroit fundamental that handsome is as handsome does. For 1961 Thunderbird performance is more spectacular than ever before. The new high-performance Thunderbird 390 Special V-8 engine (standard equipment) is a beautiful job of engineering, specifically designed for the size, weight and balance of this car. This is Thunderbird spirit in its most dazzling form.

The quick, easy motion of the Thunderbird is much more than a matter of horsepower and torque. A trio of power assists, all standard equipment, have been designed as an integral part of the car for a new high in automatic driving. New Cruise-O-Matic Drive introduces you to the silk-on-silk smoothness of vacuum-controlled shifting. New Power Steering reduces steering effort up to 65%. New, larger Power Brakes adjust themselves automatically. And, with the Thunderbird's familiar trim dimensions on an even wider tread, you corner flatter, maintain a sports-car grip on the most wildly twisting roads.

Add durability features like three-phase rust-prevention treatment of the body and triple-life aluminum mufflers, and you realize why Thunderbird has the finest resale record of any luxury car. The 1961 Thunderbird, we think, will be almost a bankable item.

## *Thunderbird Warranty*

Your Ford Dealer is extending his warranty to 12,000 miles or one full year, whichever comes first. See him for a copy and get all the details.

The 1961 Thunderbird will be at your neighborhood Ford Dealer's on November 10. We think it will be the best show in town that night. FORD DIVISION Ford Motor Company.

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## SHEAFFER'S

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**DOWN WITH GOURMETS** *continued*

of fresh vegetables, fresh fruits and game are available to us every season of the year. So what in the name of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Grover Cleveland and Fannie Farmer are we trying to do to our cooking? And why?

My esteemed and longtime friend, Sheila Hibben, a staunch advocate of honesty and quality in cooking in her cookbooks, her columns and in her own home in New York, wrote recently that it was her guess that we began to go wrong when we "passionately appropriated" the word



gourmet. She lamented further the growing "conviction that there is something inherently stylish in a dubious *quiche lorraine* from Third Avenue or a beef *bourguignon* from the freezer." Mrs. Hibben, in my opinion, is a sound woman. (I remember a number of years ago, when I lived in New York, Mrs. Hibben and I conducted a campaign to revive the use of this fine old American word receipt and to scuttle the word recipe. It was a short-lived and ill-fated effort. I also remember her diagnosis one evening of the ills of America. "Do you realize," she asked me, "that two whole generations of children have grown up in this country, not knowing what it is like to lick the paddles of an ice cream freezer?")

I am for eliminating from the American language the word gourmet, and the word soupçon, and I would like to whack with a hoe handle the next person I find using the word "chic" in describing food. I have seen in print "chic dinner party

*continued*





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# REEVES fabrics

DOWN WITH GOURMETS *cowhand*

food," "brenst of pheasant—looking very chic" and not long ago, on a plane right here in Texas, I overheard a woman say, "My butcher shop is terribly chic." It is the end. It makes me tic, bridle, unfocus and hackle from my Stetson to my socks. It also makes me hungry for a backwoods meal of sowbelly and turnip greens and black-eyed peas and corn bread and sliced onions and, for dessert, buttermilk biscuits and sorghum molasses. And in company with my cowhand pals.

I SAY let us go back to calling recipes receipts (I am a diehard fool), back to two-foot-square damask napkins stuffed in at the collar, back to using the word "gravy" when it is a gravy and not a sauce. (What is velouté sauce, after all, but white chicken gravy? Soufflé sauce but white chicken gravy with onions in it?)

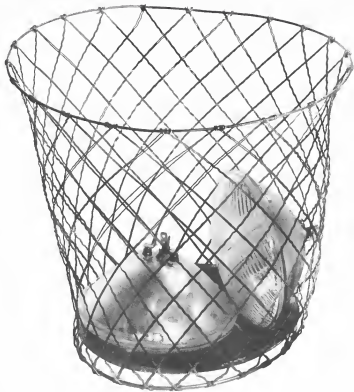
While we're on this subject, I would like to heave the word vichyssoise right out the back door. I have no objection to leek-and-potato soup with chopped scallion tops sprinkled over it, which we've had with us since Martha Washington was the Widow Castis; in fact, I like it. But why was it never embraced as the gourmet's soup of the week until somebody renamed it?

I say let's stop making a rite of mixing a salad (not tossing it), and furthermore I say let's bring back the bootless who was interested not in trying to outdo her neighbor but primarily and proudly in "setting a good table."

I say let us continue to borrow and learn whatever we can from every country we can reach, but I urge that we learn to cook their dishes first as they cook them; let's learn and respect before we start improving in

*continued*





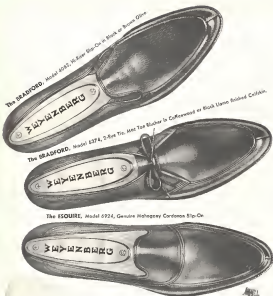
## Why are people throwing away both headlamps when one still lights?

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our grasshoppery, show-off, bumbling way. And I urge, I implore, I plead that we be proud and self-confident as we consider our own vast and wonderful array of native and regional receipts.

Here in central Texas, where civilization is not very highly advanced and the climate is semiarid, even I can boast a good table. With judicious irrigation, and because I am probably the greatest gardener since Burbank, I produce Persian melons, casabas, three kinds of cantaloupe; my fruit trees bore well this year—peaches, plums, pears, apricots and outstanding grapes. I raise all manner of herbs and vegetables and four kinds of peppers. From these I make Walker's Pepper Sauce, "Balm for Mature Gizzards," which I bottle and send to friends in New York and on the West Coast. (Regrettably, it has a tendency to blow up in transit or on their shelves.)

I raise lamb, beef, pork and chicken, all of the best quality; also available are ducks, doves, quail, venison and fresh-water fish. Partly at my suggestion, some of the local stores have been stocking good olive oil, good coffee, herring and sometimes decent cheese. My Yankee wife is an excellent cook. She judiciously combines New England cooking with French, Italian, Spanish, Mexican and Deacon Jones Southern. Deacon Jones is the proprietor of a Negro restaurant in Austin, one of the few eating places



around here that serves good, honest southern cooking. In a segregated corner, the whites are privileged to enjoy it. All in all, I wouldn't say I am the Brillat-Savarin of the Plains (but if anyone called me that, I wouldn't argue); I am merely a lover of honest and quality food.

There must be thousands of healthy, food-loving Americans—the unmarinated backbone of the social fabric—who view all of this gourmet nonsense with queasiness and its sideline of arson with shudders. Or are there? Have we sold our birthright for a mess of porridge, *flambé*, God forbid?

END



## WOMEN'S WAR TO SAVE SPORTS

by KATHERINE CARLSON

If necessary, a wife will use TNT to get her husband away from TV and on his (and her) way to the game

I WOULD BE the first one to admit that women did not plan to save the sports box office when television became so popular. But now that we've done it, you would think that someone like Carroll D. Rosenbloom of the Baltimore Colts would have said one small word of appreciation before driving off in his long limousine to deposit all those gate receipts at the bank. It isn't as though we were waiting around for Mickey Mantle to wire a dozen roses or John Unitas to send a mash note. But I do think it is time for everybody's "front office" to realize that the hand that rocks the cradle is also the hand that is stuffing all that money into the cash drawers of every stadium in the country.

You ask me why? Simple. Men are widely known to be reasonable and logical creatures. If they were the

only ones who liked sports, television would have been the end of football, baseball and most other spectator contests because men would have done the logical thing. They would have stayed at home in their comfortable easy chairs in front of the television set instead of sitting in a freezing stadium or a broiling bleacher. Why don't they? Because women like sports too, and they drag their menfolk out to the stadiums to see the sports women are never allowed to see at home on television.

Let me put it this way. Who has ever seen, or even thought of, a woman spending Sunday afternoon lolling on a sofa, drinking beer, eating sandwiches and watching the Rams play the 49ers? Nobody, that's who. On the other hand, the divine right of kings was never more firmly established than the divine right of hus-

bands to plant themselves in a chair to watch a sporting contest on television and never move until it is over.

Oh, a man may start out graciously by suggesting that his wife watch it with him, but his invitation is good only until he gets hungry. Naturally, his wife is perfectly welcome to watch as long as meals are served, his phone calls are taken, children kept quiet and all the minor emergencies coped with—quietly, please—until the game is over. And, of course, Bill Virdon makes that fabulous catch while she is getting mayonnaise out of the refrigerator, the pitcher hits a double just after she answers the doorbell and Bobby Richardson gets a grand slam homer as she is letting the dog out so he will stop scratching the woodwork.

"Boy, you should have seen it, honey," he says.

*continued*

The very next time Weeb Ewbank of the Baltimore Colts gets a salary check or Walter O'Malley starts gloating over the seating capacity of the Coliseum, they had better think. Without us, gentlemen, there would be nothing, but nothing. Any wife can tell them that for every loyal, vigorous husband who is willing to drive through crowded traffic to a Saturday or Sunday sports event, there are 99 shiftless, indolent sloths who will settle for an afternoon nap in front of whatever game happens to be on TV. And as for their old alma mater, it could crumble into a pile of rocks before they'd get off that chair and support it.

It is the wives, desperate to see something besides the commercials, the points after touchdowns and the half-time ceremonies, who arrange for the baby sitters, send checks for the tickets and round up the blankets and stadium seats. They have found, by sad experience, that it's the only way they can ever get to see a full game.

Oh, we've tried to be reasonable and logical and stay home too. I know of one wife who wangled a second



television set. It was a little portable destined to be placed in the kitchen where, she fondly thought, its presence would eliminate her frustration as wild cheering burst from the living room set just as she had a knife of jelly poised over a piece of bread. Did it? Not at all. The foolish girl forgot that the major television networks feel it a sacred duty to counter one sporting event with another, so there are always at least two games going on simultaneously. Portable television sets are so—well, portable. Her mistake was in not getting a set that weighed 200 pounds. Her husband moved that nice little new set in with the other one, turned on the picture plus the sound on one for the White Sox and Cleveland. He kept an eye on the Giants and St. Louis with the sound turned down on the other until something exciting happened. When she dashed in madly to find out what the cheers and boos were all about she didn't even

know which game they came from.

Now this is not to say that men are not basically gallant, kind and chivalrous. It is just that they have a mental block about women and sports. Every man believes his wife perfectly capable of discussing intelligently the political situation in India, and he expects her to hold up her end of the table on cosmic rays and space, but when it comes to sports he automatically regards her as an imbecile. If it's baseball, he will turn to her patiently and explain, "See, honey, there are nine men on a team, and each side gets three outs before the other side comes up to bat."

Who does he think carted the boys to Little League practice for three years straight, watched every game and learned the rule book by heart? Does he suppose his son picked up those 900 baseball cards off the bedroom floor?

Women start learning sports about

the time the boy down the street changes from creepy to creamy. Even if they couldn't care less, it is forced into them like milk and spinach. Take me and football. My father was a marvelous football player at Washington State. My brother played quarterback on the high school football team. Although there were four girls and one boy in our family, not one word was spoken at our table from early August until after the Rose Bowl that did not involve football. All this happened way back in the days when the quarterback ran the team—and my sisters and I knew so much about strategy that mother cautioned us to keep the exact amount of our knowledge of football to ourselves. It was, she said, the same thing as not beating our dates at tennis.

Now that I am married I like to see a football game from time to time, if only to tell all the men sitting around me just what the penalties are for

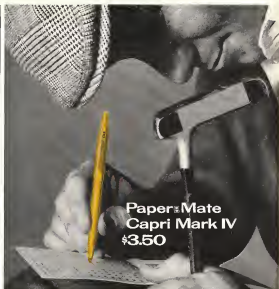
before the announcer on the loud-speaker system tells them. I was very careful to choose a husband who liked football, too, so our life every fall was a lovely succession of football weekends—until we bought our television set. I remember that weekend well. My husband sank slowly into his chair, dialed the channel carrying the Game of the Week and announced, "This is for me!" It took me about 20 minutes to discover that it sure was—for him alone.

It required clever management (and several sneaky little tricks) to get us back to the stadium. For instance, around our house an envelope containing a pair of football tickets has usurped the necktie as the good old reliable gift item. I give them for birthdays, Christmas, and Halloween treats. This year my husband wasn't the least bit astonished to receive two tickets to the homecoming game as a small token of appreciation on Armed Forces Day.

I have even encouraged him to join those secret societies that men are always forming, like quarterback clubs or touchdown clubs. I know they are frowned on in some wifely quarters, and I do have to pay a price—once a week he disappears to attend a dinner for some big hero or important coach who gives him the lowdown on the whole situation. Women, of course, are not allowed—until maybe two months after the season is over, by which time we are already up to our ears in baseball spring training.

So maybe I am even a traitor to my sex for encouraging this kind of discrimination. If so, I'll take the blame—but I want some credit too. Women are getting pretty tired of being regarded as second-class television spectators and we are about ready to dynamite our spouses out of their overstuffed chairs. Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Galbreath, Messrs. Topping and Webb, ladies' day isn't sufficient recognition for what we've done for you. It's the women who are saving your day, and if you don't want us all to take up quilting or ceramics or bird watching, you'd better take note of this, and when Hall of Fame time comes around vote to put a real bust into it.

END



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Horse shows come in all sizes and are held in every setting, from one-day events in a country pasture to elaborate functions in festooned stadiums that last a week or longer. But none combines the disparate ingredients of regal atmosphere, fine horses and the pace of a Broadway revue as does Toronto. The Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, which opens next week, presents the most elegant and visually attractive show in North America. Radiators warm formally dressed box holders, and a mirror by the ring's in gate bears a sign that inquires of competitors, "Are you properly attired for this class?" Closed-circuit TV informs the committee whether the entries are moving promptly from the two-story horse palace to the ring for the next class, and events are timed by stop watch so schedules are met precisely. The world's fastest work crew breaks down an international jump course in seconds and, after the horses perform, the judging of conformation and soundness (often a lengthy process, of no interest to the average spectator) takes place outside the ring while the show continues. Later, a victorious rider, like Claire Lang Miller (*right*), returns to the ring, heralded by trumpets, to receive a handshake and trophy after the Canadian first-place red ribbon is pinned on her hunter's bridle. On the following pages are other colorful demonstrations of the special Dominion quality of The Royal.







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P.S. Is it possible *you* have never tasted this drink? Why not see what you've been missing!

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# TRIUMPH FOR A COLD, CRUEL SEA

by FLORENCE CHADWICK



THROUGH 50° WATER CHADWICK STROKES FOR SCOTLAND ON THE FAR HORIZON

*On October 15, Florence Chadwick, the best woman long-distance swimmer the world has ever known, tried to cross the treacherous north channel of the Irish Sea, from Donaghadee in Ireland to Portpatrick in Scotland, a distance of 21 miles. Here is her own story of what happened:*

**T**HE Irish Sea undoubtedly presents the toughest problem of all to long-distance swimmers. The greatest enemy is the cold, at least for a person like myself, constructed without too much fatty tissue. Out in the center of the sea the depths measure 100 fathoms, and water temperatures have been known as low as 45°. The sea is rarely smooth either, and the distance itself is a fraction under 21 miles, slightly more than the English Channel. [Miss Chadwick has swum the English Channel in both directions.] Last but not least, there are the tides to be taken into account.

The most essential thing to all channel swimmers is a good pilot. On my first Irish Sea attempt in 1957, when I was dragged from the water unconscious after 12 hours, 2½ miles from the Scottish mainland, I arranged for an Irish pilot to take me halfway and a Scottish pilot to guide me into the finish. This time I decided to place the complete organization of the swim in the hands of one

man, and I was lucky to obtain the services of Captain David Orr Ewing, a retired Royal Naval officer and the laird of Portpatrick.

I estimated that I could cover a mile approximately every half hour at the beginning of the swim, slowing down toward the end but completing the crossing in 12 to 13 hours. If I was in the water longer I felt sure the cold would defeat me.

To get across a channel one always aims to swim at right angles to the tides. Thus, one tide sweeps you a certain distance off course, but the next sweeps you just as far back. In other words, in crossing the Irish Sea, one should never have to swim more than 21 miles, although the tides carrying one either to the right or left of the intended track make the passage over the sea bottom more like 30 miles.

The swim was planned to take place during low neap tides unless conditions of absolute flat calm existed. In the Irish Sea the tide runs southward when it is rising and northward when it is falling. It was decided to start me about 2½ hours before high water. This, it was estimated (and the swim verified), would take me slightly north for the first hour, with a slight push provided by an eddy stemming out of the large Belfast Lough up and around the coast from Donaghadee. There would then be half an hour of slack, half an

hour of southgoing tide and then three-quarters of an hour of slack before the tide turned to the north. Then I would be taken northward for some five hours, but not too vigorously since the neap tide for the time of year only moves at about a knot. With luck, I would then have only a quarter of the swim left to do when the tide turned once more to the south. It was thought I would come in a little below Portpatrick.

Whatever happened, I knew the Irish Sea was going to give me one hell of a beating, and accordingly I trained harder for the attempt than for any other swim in my life.

After my last Irish Sea swim, in which the cold stopped me, I had virtually retired, but the failure kept gnawing away inside me, driving me almost crazy. What finally decided me to have one last try was reading one day on the same page of a newspaper stories about Archie Moore and Ted Williams. In comparison, at 41, I consider myself a baby.

By the time I arrived in Scotland at the beginning of September, more than six months of rigorous workouts were behind me. I had even had one swim of 10 hours in the lake at Grossinger's, where I work. This is the most I have ever swum prior to a channel attempt.

On arrival at Portpatrick, the next task was to become acclimated to the

*continued*

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St. Paul, Minn.  
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Evanston, Minn.

## CRUEL SEA continued

north channel's cold water, which is in fact warmer during September and October than at any other time of the year.

I swam almost daily out of the village harbor, where herring boats were being unloaded, and along the rugged coastline, past the ruins of 16th-century Dunskey Castle, or up to the Killanrann Lighthouse, where the keeper would come out to wave.

All told, I started on three attempts to cross the Irish Sea, the first two in mid-September. The first time I took off from Donaghadee, as did Tom Blower, the only person ever to complete the swim (in 1947). I wanted very much to better his time. This swim lasted a mere 2 hours 25 minutes and was abandoned when the wind blew up to twice what had been forecast. On the second try I set out from Scotland the day we returned to Portpatrick to await the next neaps. The weather suddenly turned for the better and looked too good to miss. And it did not seem so vitally important that I should start from Ireland. Consultation showed that the new piloting problems could be handled well enough, and at 1:42 in the morning I waded into the water from a beach near Portpatrick. This swim lasted five hours, when a strong wind again blew up unexpectedly to force me out.

I was disappointed but not disillusioned. As strongly as ever I still thought that I could swim the Irish Sea. Staring from my hotel room, looking out over the beckoning expanse of water, I had never wanted anything so badly in all my life as to get across it.

Because of weather, I had to wait for my next chance right up until the low tides at the end of the second week in October. But the time was not wasted. The British doctor who came along on my final attempt, Richard Hardwick, carried out an enormous amount of research into the subject of prolonged immersion in cold water, and he prepared his campaign to bring me back to normal when I would have finished. Some people apparently had been alarmed at the end of my 1957 swim when my heart fibrillated for a full 24 hours afterward. And last year, after a Greek swimmer, Zassou Ziranacos, died while trying to cross the Irish Sea, the scare was really on.

Since I am a confirmed fatalist I was not worried. Actually, I had no reason to be. Dr. Hardwick had discovered that the condition I had been in three years previously could be combated rapidly and easily. The answer was to put me in a bath containing water at a little more than blood heat as soon as I came out of the sea.

The vessel which chugged alongside me during my swims, Hugh Campbell's *Adoration*, has almost no equipment aboard beyond the practical ones required for its job of fishing. It certainly does not have a bath or running hot water. However, we had an oblong wooden tub made by a local carpenter who is also the Portpatrick undertaker. It was fitted with a canvas top to stop the water slopping out as the boat rolled, and there was a place through which I could stick my head. To keep sufficient hot water aboard we borrowed some Thermos ice cream containers and a tea urn which, before the big swim, were carried aboard full of boiling water.

## Good weather at last

Three days before my last attempt we moved over to Ireland to wait on the weather. I felt in fine shape. My only trouble was considerable chafing on the shoulders and under my arms caused by my swimsuit. It did not affect my swimming. Once I was in the water my skin became so numb I could not feel a thing. The day after we arrived in Ireland I was sick and ran a temperature of 100°, but this quickly cleared up. The following night the weather forecast was excellent. Light variable winds were predicted, and if the wind came up it would blow from the southwest, which would help to push me across. I had a steak and went to bed early.

The start was scheduled for 5:04 on Saturday morning, and at 3 I had my final big meal—white meat of chicken, dry toast and tea. Quietly I got ready.

We were driven down to Donaghadee Harbor, and I sat beside a charming, cheerful woman named Mollie Murray, who acted as my nurse on the three attempts. At Donaghadee Mollie applied the grease channel swimmers wear to impede leakage of heat from the body. In the privacy of a lighthouse at the end of the pier she managed to plaster me with some

continued

six pounds of the stuff. I remember that on my first English Channel swim my father and I were both so inexperienced that we put the grease over my swimsuit, with the result that the front hung down from me all the way across because of the weight.

Everything seemed right this time. The sea looked calm and somebody had even told me that the Pittsburgh Pirates had won the World Series. I'd been rooting for them. This time it was going to be all the way for me, too. A few minutes past 5 I touched the end of the Donaghadee pier, my last contact with Ireland, and was off.

I am always happy to get in the water and be on my way. Life seems so much simpler swimming. The experience must be similar to that of a flyer above the clouds by himself—I am also in my own little world out there.

I had planned to start off hard, then regulate my pace to keep enough in reserve for the finish. At the beginning I was doing 29 to 30 strokes a minute, but after about half an hour I settled down to 28 strokes—56 complete arm movements. I did this because the wind had freshened a little from the north and was slapping me on the left shoulder; a more comfortable pace seemed advisable. At two hours I gradually dropped down to 26 strokes, but as this has happened on previous swims I was not unduly worried. Now I know it may have been the cold water having a destructive effect on my timing.

The wind decreased in strength after the first freshening breeze. I kept up 26 for approximately the next two and a half hours, when I gradually began to drop again, leveling out at 25. Soon after six hours had passed I was signaled that my stroke was 24½. I was able to bring myself briefly back to 27. But I thought I was exerting myself more than I should, and so I settled again for a slower pace, 25 strokes.

At seven hours the cold began to have a marked effect on me. I found that I was becoming almost light-

headed. I gave myself a pep talk. I kept telling myself to keep concentrating, to keep my mind busy so I would not succumb. Nevertheless, the signals from the *Adoration* got progressively worse. My stroke dropped to 23 and then 22. I picked up for a moment to 24 but then dropped down again to 22, never to recover.

I just couldn't do it. My arms and legs felt heavy, like boards. When I tried to increase my stroke it felt as

though I had seven miles to go. Captain Orr Ewing asked me if I was getting too cold and whether I wanted to come out. I said, "No, I think I can shake it off." But moments later I stopped again. The pain in my thigh was now intense, and I felt I might black out. The captain shouted: "Florence, you're too cold. It is seven miles to go and I don't think you can make it." I then gave in. "I don't think I can make it either," I replied, and when he asked me if I was coming out I said yes.

It was a heartbreaking decision—I had swum two-thirds of the distance in 7 hours 33 minutes, in a water temperature averaging 56°, and I was ideally placed to come down on the flood tide to land near Portpatrick.

Richard Hardwick and Mollie Murray did a wonderful job. On board my temperature was found to be 90°, the lowest ever recorded by a channel swimmer after leaving the water, but the tub worked like a charm. In 25 minutes I was up to 93°, and in the same amount of time again I had reached 97°. As far as I know, it was the first time a hot bath has been used in this way to aid a swimmer's recovery. I would say that it is absolutely essential to have such a facility aboard during a cold-water long-distance attempt.

I can still hardly believe that I did not make it. Everything was perfect—the people on board and the weather. It seems I was not good enough in some way. At first I felt that I could not be the same swimmer any more, and maybe I'm not. Without searching for excuses, I think one reason for my defeat may be that I do not have enough fat on my body to beat the Irish Sea—ever. Whatever the answer, I'm quite convinced I'll never have any more channel swims.

Captain Orr Ewing put everything into perspective for me by quoting an old but true maxim: "It's better," he told me, "to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all." Indeed, if I had the chance to relive my life I would do it all again, because it is trying to do what you badly want to do that counts. **END**



DESPERATE WITH PAIN AND COLD, CHADWICK GIVES UP

if there were heavy weights pressing my arms down. It was getting colder. There was a numbness creeping up on me, and it was rather like going under gradually to ether. Then my right thigh started to ache as if I had pulled a muscle or had a cramp, and I had to stand up in the water to try to kick it out. Even my goggles seemed to be giving me trouble, until I realized it was my sight that was blurred. I remember shaking my head as if to clear the cobwebs.

I could see that they were worried on board the *Adoration* and I called out, "I'm just cold." But my voice had a disembodied ring to it. The crisis came shortly after, when I was



PACKED FIELD OF 15 SWINGS INTO SLOPPY FIRST TURN IN HIGH GARDEN STATE. EVENTUAL WINNER, CARRY BACK, IS LAST ON RAIL

## Johnny jumps up again

**The world's richest race goes to a 23-year-old jockey. Now he challenges the nation's best**

THERE ARE some who call him Johnny-good-luck and some who call him Johnny-jump-up and some who call him a Johnny-come-lately. Now, however, after riding Carry Back to an easy victory in the \$287,970 Garden State stakes last Saturday, 23-year-old Johnny Sellers is being called one of the best jockeys in the country.

In the last four weeks Sellers has jumped up on one winner after the other. At the Garden State meeting he had double victories on two different days, triples on four other days and five winners in seven mounts on yet another. He has won five \$100,000 races in the last four months.

Sellers' ride in the Garden State was not only perfectly judged and beautifully timed but it carried with it that certain daring that one does not expect to find outside of an Arcaro, a Shoemaker, a Hartack or a Lady Godiva. Instead of staying close to the leaders, as almost all of the seven previous Garden State winners have done, Carry Back was ruted back to 14th place in the field of 15 racers. For a while Sellers seemed to have Carry Back in a ludicrous position—but at the half mile

he was beginning to pick up his field. At the three-quarters he was seventh. At the top of the stretch he had the lead. At the finish he was ahead by three and a half lengths.

John Sellers looks more like a Harvard freshman than a jockey. He's tall for a jockey (5 feet 6 inches), intelligent, quiet, conservatively dressed. None of these qualities are necessary for membership in the Jockeys' Guild. He is also lucky and he knows how to exploit his luck.

In the summer of 1958, for instance, Trainer Bill Stephens was looking for someone to handle Clem in the \$139,650 Washington Park Handicap. All the top jockeys were taken and Stephens had to turn to Sellers. Johnny promptly steered Clem to victory over Round Table.

Early this summer Trainer Paul Parker needed a jockey to ride T.V. Lark in the Arlington Classic. He wanted the fine-riding Brusho Barza, but Barza refused the mount. Parker talked to Sellers in the stable area at Arlington. "John," he asked, "would you like to ride my horse in the Classic?"

"Yes sir!" said Sellers, and T.V. Lark, at 16 to 1, beat Kentucky Derby winner Venetian Way and Kelso—the only time Kelso has been beaten this year.

Just a week before the Garden State, Jack Price, who is co-owner (with his wife, Katherine) and train-

er of Carry Back, thought that Bill Hartack would ride his horse. Hartack had won the Cowdin at Belmont with Carry Back but then had been left at the gate in the Champagne Stakes. Hartack refused to ride the colt in the Garden State. Price turned to Sellers.

After his victory Sellers hurried to his hotel to call his wife Janice in Florida. When he was asked what his wife had to say, Sellers smiled: "First she said that all the neighbors had called her. Then it sounded like she was laughing and then it sounded like she was crying and then she seemed to say something about dancing."

Sellers left his room then and went to the hotel's dining room to celebrate. He had a glass of milk.

The Garden State is billed as The World's Richest Race, and this year's purse does not refute that billing. It could also truthfully be called "The World's Wettest Race" for in five of the last seven runnings the track has been off. Nevertheless, the Garden State is important to racing people because it has produced the top 2-year-old colt for four straight years (Barbizon, Nadir, First Landing and Warfare). If Carry Back is awarded the championship this season, though, it will be by default. Hail To Reason was several lengths ahead of his contemporaries before he broke down and had to be retired in September.

END

## 'I loathe and detest all fish tournaments'

**So says Outdoorsman Ed Zern, and he cites a number of arguments for putting an end to big-prize angling derbies**

As do many of my fellow anglers, I loathe and detest all so-called fishing tournaments, rodeos, derbies, contests—or whatever they may be called—in which prizes of money or merchandise are offered.

I don't mean to condemn everyone who fishes in big-prize tournaments. In every such tournament you will find some people who would be fishing just as enthusiastically if the top prize were a suspender button, or even if there were no prizes at all but simply a slightly better than usual excuse to go fishing. And I certainly don't mean that a man's skill at fishing should not be recognized. Nor do I mean that an angler who is both lucky and facile enough to catch a 60-pound striped bass or a six-pound brook trout or a 600-pound blue marlin isn't deserving of some sort of trophy or memento.

What I do feel is that in putting up prizes of great value the promoters are trying, successfully in many cases, to shift the emphasis in angling from

sport to spoils. They are transforming what has always been essentially a noncompetitive sport—or one in which competition has always been of only incidental importance—into a competitive contest. Under such conditions, sport and all of the other traditional values associated with fishing, become secondary to the winning of money.

Most fishing tournaments, by their very nature, encourage the more venal, larcenous and weak-willed entrants (and this is the type most attracted by big-prize contests) to lie, swindle, bribe, embezzle, perjure and otherwise cheat to whatever extent is necessary to win. This is not theory. It is the experience of every big-money fishing tournament of which I have direct or indirect knowledge. Nor should it dumbfound anyone: 2% of men will cheat when the stakes are 50¢ a hole at golf. When the prize is a \$4,000 station wagon or a \$10,000 cabin cruiser, 2% means. In fact, even when the prize is merely a small por-

tion of prestige there will be a shocking amount of cheating.

Philip Wylie, a member of the executive committee of the purely amateur International Game Fish Association, recently wrote an article for *Sports Afield* in which he denounced the so-called sportsmen who violate, in letter, spirit, or both, the IGFA rules governing world-record catches. He also took a well-aimed swipe at those who connive with corruptible boatmen to falsify affidavits, merely to have their names included in the IGFA lists of world-record holders.

### Fishing frauds

Miss Francesca LaMonte, an ichthyologist who was for many years secretary of the association, has told me of the fraudulent lengths to which some anglers have gone in their efforts to make the list. These attempts are, I think, largely the fault—however inadvertent—of the IGFA. By issuing lists of catches, with separate records



for men and women in many different line tests, the IGFA has established 14 world records for each species of salt-water game fish. I am convinced that this policy must encourage the salt-water fisherman to think in terms of records rather than in terms of sport.

The instances of fishing fraud are numerous. Ernest Lyons, editor of *The Stuart News* and one of Florida's leading crusaders against big-prize contests, wrote in his column of a black bass caught illegally on a line tied to a floating jug, then stuffed with lead sinkers and entered in a contest—in which it won \$500. He has also reported attempts to enter a number of net-caught sea trout in other Florida tournaments.

I recall a scandal that broke during a west-coast-of-Florida tarpon tournament. It seems that several of the prizewinning fish had been caught well outside the limits of the area and rushed by speedboat to the weighing-in station, where false affidavits were sworn out.

At a one-day salmon derby on Lummi Island in Puget Sound in 1956, a marine sergeant entered a 28-pound spring salmon and was about to walk off with the top prize when a bystander commented on the spring's "funny look." The fish was opened and found to be still frozen inside. The prize then went to a fresh-caught 22-pounder. TIME recently reported the confessions of four men who had won brand-new automobiles in the annual *Seattle Times* Salmon Derby; the four fish they entered had been bought from an Indian fish trapper some time before and hidden until D-day.

Scandal has tarnished several

"world-record" muskellunge. I remember one fish which was reportedly kept in a live-well and hand-fed until it achieved prize winning size.

In fact, cheating in these derbies has become so commonplace and so flagrant that strong sentiment is developing in many areas of the country to have fish tournaments outlawed. Five years ago the Oregon legislature passed a bill limiting fish-derby prizes to \$25, and a similar bill was recommended by a Washington State legislature committee, but later defeated. Even children's fishing derbies have been denounced by responsible conservationists as encouraging the contestants to think, not in terms of conservation or the appreciation and enjoyment of nature, but solely in terms of catching the most fish by fair means or foul.

#### Mercenary minds

Sighting in on the organizers of big-prize tournaments in *The Stuart News* last February, Editor Lyons wrote: "These high-binding jackals . . . contrive in their mercenary little minds to make sport fishing a sort of grand lottery." Earlier in this same column, Lyons scribed in on "the infamous prostitution of a noble sport by wild-eyed and avaricious promoters who have no more concept of what is entailed in genuine sport fishing than a high-pressure biography racket salesman has of genuine literature."

The defenders of big-prize fishing tournaments are, almost without exception, not sportsmen or conservationists. Rarely, if ever, are the tournaments devised or promoted by fishermen. Rather, they are cooked up by someone whose only concern is a fast

buck—a merchant, a brewer, a resort owner, or all of them together in a chamber of commerce.

There are a few rod-and-gun columnists who favor fish derbies; but most of these columnists work for newspapers that promote tournaments. Their argument is usually along the lines advanced in a recent column by Red Marston of the *St. Petersburg Times*. Marston's first point of defense was that nobody has to enter the contest. (It is also true that nobody has to start smoking opium, but this doesn't seem an adequate defense of dope peddling.) Marston then declares that man's nature is competitive and that whenever two or more people fish together there is bound to be an element of competition. Even granting some substance to this latter point, there's still the question of whether the competition should be to see who can take the most or the biggest fish or, rather, who can best observe a code of sportsmanlike behavior.

Here again we come to a question of values. I know few trout or salmon fishermen who consider the catching of fish the primary consideration in fishing. If they did they would use bait or lures instead of artificial flies, and they'd work hard at their fishing instead of pausing frequently to follow the flight of an osprey, or listen to a drumming grouse, or watch an ugly bug transform itself into an exquisite dragonfly.

In his defense of fish rodeos, Marston also protests that in some fishing tournaments—particularly certain Florida sailfish derbies—fishermen are encouraged to tag and release their catches. To those who object to money-prize tournaments, this has nothing to do with the central issue of substituting spoils for sport. Furthermore, a lot of fishermen are not convinced, on the basis of a few recovered tags, that there is much real conservation value to the sailfish-releasing program. However, the idea of releasing the catch is certainly better than littering docks with rotting sailfish carcasses.

Finally Marston asks the question, "But for those who want to engage in a tournament such as the St. Petersburg Jaycee Tarpon Roundup, which has been going on for over a quarter of a century, who's to point the finger at them?" That's an easy question to answer: I am.

END

Drawing by Richard Erdos



## Can the Habs be had?



WITH ONLY ONE RANGER IN SIGHT, A PUCK SLIDES EASILY PAST CANADIENS' PLANTE

**The team that ruled the NHL for five years is now teetering but not necessarily collapsing**

THE TROUBLE with winning big is that you have to keep on doing it. The Yankees and the Colts and the Celtics know this, and now the Montreal Canadiens are learning it, too, for in the National Hockey League the word is out: the Canadiens can be had.

The word, however, may be premature.

The measure of the Canadiens' past greatness is the sound and the fury about their showing this year. They are not in the cellar. They are merely teetering in and out of first place. This, for the incomparable Habotants, however, is equivalent to catastrophe. For nine years they have ruled the NHL autocratically, winning the league championship three times in a row, the Stanley Cup playoffs five, and never finishing lower than second.

Sometimes in the old days it seemed to goalies facing the Habs that they were trying to hold back the St. Lawrence River with a tarpaulin. When Boom Boom Geoffrion wasn't slamming power shots almost through the nets, little Henri Richard was tipping goals over their shoelaces or graceful Jean Beliveau was stick-handling and pirouetting through defensesmen like a Dick Button with shagunards. At the other end of the rink, the Habs'

defensemen Doug Harvey and Tom Johnson would be keeping the enemy honest, while the Montreal goalie, Jacques Plante, was stopping enough shots to win the Vezina Trophy (fewest goals against) five years in a row.

But this year the Canadiens' defense has begun to melt like ice under a hot torch. More pucks have been rammed past Plante than any goalie in the league. Harvey is showing his years (35), and Johnson, who usually starts fast, has slowed considerably. The forwards, always in a friendly fight among each other for the top places in league scoring, have once again made more goals than any other team, but in the process they seem to have forgotten all they ever knew about back-checking and poke-checking. Says Kenny Reardon, vice-president of the club: "We're suffering from an inclination to let George do it when it comes to checking and hard defensive work."

Depending on his mood, Coach Toe Blake puts the blame for the Habs' hard times on 1) poor checking by forwards, 2) the fact that the league has tightened up all around, 3) the demoralizing loss of Maurice (The Rocket) Richard, who retired at the start of the season, and 4) on Plante's use of a face mask. "I never was for that mask," says Toe Blake. "Since Plante has been wearing it I don't think he's been playing as well. Other players take chances. Take the catcher in baseball. You don't see him leave his mask on when he's trying

to catch a foul ball. Why should Plante?"

Blake neglects to mention that there is a lot of difference between a foul pop-up and a blue-line slap shot by Bobby Hull streaking at the goal, but Jacques Plante knows it. "The mask gives me confidence," he says. Despite 44 goals scored against him in 13 games, the Canadiens' goalie plans to keep the mask on. Blake will frown, but he will issue no ultimatum. "I'm afraid if he takes it off he may be worse than ever," Blake says.

The real explanation of the problem facing the Canadiens—if hovering around first place can be considered a problem—is probably rooted in an intangible: the absence of The Rocket. Says Blake, with fond memory: "It was always good when he was there. The other team would be so busy covering Rocket we'd be able to break through and score before they knew what had happened. And the players looked up to him."

But life and hockey can both go on without the great Maurice. Most of the knell-sounding for Les Habitants comes from other cities in the league. As Reardon puts it: "Crowds like to see the Canadiens spoiled, and when it happens they like to feel it's the beginning of the end." No one in Montreal is seriously upset by the Canadiens' poor showing. The team has slumped before. Says Blake: "There are many advantages to winning, and that's what we still intend to do."

END



IN BRIDGE...

EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER

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IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE



*Continued on page 57*

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**BOTTLED IN  
SCOTLAND**

## That slow Colt start

**Behind two straight Baltimore losses lies a story of injuries, errors and a curious attitude**

WHEN the Colts rallied in the last seconds to beat the Giants for the National Football League championship two years ago, one excited Baltimorean jumped up from his television set, threw his hands high over his head, slashed his wrist against a ceiling light and was led off to the hospital still cheering. Another, listening on his car radio, let go of the wheel in exultation and smashed his car into a tree.

Now Baltimore has its collective hands in the air again, this time in dismay. Its still-champion Colts are an undistinguished second in the Western Division. More upsetting to a Baltimorean than a stringy crab cake is the increasing fear that the Colts actually are ill, and the rest of the NFL is daring to hope that it is so.

Before the season began, some fans guessed that if the Colts were going to fall this year the logical place for the collapse to begin would be on defense, especially the defensive line. The line has been scaring opponents so long that it includes two of the oldest hobgoblins in the business—Art Donovan, 35, who wanted to retire five years ago and further his ambition of becoming a New York policeman, and the most feared end in the NFL, Gino Marchetti, who is 33.

"But my so-called old men are playing good football," said Weeb



COLT QUARTERBACK UNITAS, UNHURT AND RUNNING IN 1959, ELUDED POOR TACKLE

Ewbank, the Colt head coach, as he and his team were flying out to Dallas last Friday. In a recent Colt scrimmage Marchetti and company boasted they would stop every play over a 10-minute span. They did, and they thought it a great joke when Marchetti looked down at a fallen comrade and blithely walked up his back like a man crossing a brook on a log. The defense has been the life of the party and the heart of the team.

The Colts' real trouble is with the offense. This is a strange circumstance when you consider that the attack is led by the incomparable John Unitas and is statistically the best in the NFL right now. But a combination of attitude, injuries and mistakes,

all suffered by the offensive team, have combined to cost the Colts two games, one to a much improved Green Bay, which may very well develop into the Colts' chief Western Division rival, the other to a Detroit team that has won only two games in the last two seasons and, until the Colts came along, was nobody's rival.

Kept as secret as a U-2 flight, the Colt injuries were serious and hampered the offense. The one that caused the most worry was a cracked vertebra suffered by Unitas before the season started. It bothered Unitas less than it did the coaches. They instructed Unitas to limit his running. In the first half of the Green Bay game he rolled out to his right

on the five-yard line, passed up a hole he might have run through for a touchdown and threw a crucial pass which was intercepted. After that Unitas ran when he felt like it.

Injuries to pass receivers—Jim Mutscheller, Lenny Moore and Raymond Berry, the league's most awful dodger—actually were more important than Unitas' cracked vertebrae. Berry sprained an ankle in the Rams game. He could not run deep against Detroit, though he did catch 11 short passes. Moore was shaken up early in the Detroit game and was ineffective thereafter, and Mutscheller has been having serious knee trouble most of the season. One result has been that Unitas has had nine passes intercepted this season, compared with only 14 all last year. Several of these, as well as numerous incompletions, have been caused by the running of bad pass patterns.

"The rushing by the opposition hasn't bothered us much," said Ewbank, in assessing the Colts' difficulties. "We're disappointed when they don't rush. It's the running on the passes that is off, and that's because injuries have cut down our practice." This frees Unitas of the blame for most of the interceptions (the four by Green Bay lost that game), but he is showing disconcerting signs of two other bad habits. One is throwing the ball too hard, the other is throwing when he shouldn't. Against Detroit, Unitas sidestepped with a Drysdale pitching motion while he was being tackled. Detroit intercepted and won the game just when it seemed a Colt victory was certain.

Almost as responsible for the Colts' bad showing as injuries and errors is the team's curious attitude. The Colts, particularly the offensive team, cannot get excited unless they are dead up against it. This was so last season when their approach began to remind some observers of *The Perils of Pauline*. The Colts gave the stage to the villains until the last possible minute, then dashed in for a rescue. They suffered two drab mid-season losses after a defeat in their second game, then won six straight when any lesser performance would have cost them the championship.

This year the Paulineismship continues. The Colts crushed the Chicago Bears, the team with the best chance to take their title, 42-7. They never came close to equaling that

performance in their other four games. They dawdled with Green Bay and Detroit as if they could lick them any time they got ready, but by the time they were ready the games were over and Pauline was ravished. "They know any team can beat them if they don't start fast. I don't really understand it," said Ewbank. "Two or three of the experienced men aren't playing up to last year. I won't name names. But they know. Maybe they aren't hungry enough any more. It's hard to tell when players are really ready. A fellow sometimes gets to the shouting stage in practice, but no further. It's like a kid staring at a book in school but not reading it. You can't tell if he is studying or not. But those fellows I was talking about look ready to go now."

"I do know that, over-all, this team is better than last year's," concluded Ewbank as the Colt plane dropped into the Dallas landing pattern, "but with two losses we've got a long way to go."

Against the Cowboys on Sunday the Colts looked like they might yet go a long way. Their victory, to be

sure, was expected. But it was also impressive. Baltimore scored quickly, as it had not done since the Bears game. And it scored often and with great dexterity. Unitas, throwing softly once again, completed eight of 16, discreetly refused to pass when his receivers were covered and did not have a single interception or fumble. Berry, no longer lame, went deep with ease, catching three touchdown passes on plays covering 68, 52 and 70 yards. With Moore and Mutscheller both well, the Colts ran their best pass patterns of the year.

Colt Fullback Alan Ameche, one of the dawdling vets whom Ewbank wouldn't name, found himself benched for the first time in his six-year NFL career. His replacement, Billy Prier, led a Colt running attack which gained 217 yards. The defense didn't let the Cowboys complete a pass in the first half or allow a score until a weird Colt kickoff sailed backward in a 25-mph Texas gale, landing on the Colt 28. The final was 45-7, and the Baltimore Colts—because they had to, of course—had won again. **END**

## NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

### X-RAY OF THE GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass.	Pass Comp.
Cardinals vs. Giants	20	174	75	4-30
Colts vs. Cowboys	45	200	276	12-25
Packers vs. Steelers	19	163	180	15-35
Browns vs. Redskins	10	105	154	15-28
49ers vs. Bears	25	224	96	12-20
Rams vs. Lions	48	113	169	13-26
	35	241	242	22-45

### EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Cleveland	4	1	0	.800
Philadelphia	4	1	0	.800
New York	3	1	1	.750
St. Louis	3	3	0	.500
Pittsburgh	2	3	1	.400
Washington	1	2	2	.333

### WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Green Bay	4	1	0	.800
Baltimore	4	2	0	.667
Chicago	3	2	1	.600
San Francisco	3	3	0	.500
Detroit	1	4	0	.200
Los Angeles	1	4	1	.200
Dallas	0	6	0	.000

## AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

### X-RAY OF THE GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush	Yds. Pass.	Pass Comp.
Chargers vs. Patriots	45	217	239	14-27
Raiders vs. Titans	16	17	214	17-35
Texans vs. Broncos	26	166	231	13-27
Bills vs. Oilers	27	90	201	15-34
	17	116	167	12-23
	14	123	179	14-31
	25	18	334	18-43
	24	163	124	9-32

### EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Houston	5	2	0	.714
New York	4	4	0	.500
Buffalo	3	4	0	.429
Boston	2	5	0	.286

### WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Denver	4	3	0	.571
Los Angeles	4	3	0	.571
Oakland	4	4	0	.500
Dallas	3	4	0	.429

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**MOTOR SPORTS** / Alfred Wright

## A king named Rex

**He failed to win Sunday, but  
Rex White is the newest—and  
richest—NASCAR champion**

**T**HE RAIN let up just long enough last Sunday afternoon in Atlanta for a young stock car driver named Bobby Johns to work up a wide smile and accept some gold trophies and nearly \$15,000 in prize money. Driving a 1960 Pontiac, Johns had just won the first running of the Atlanta 500-mile race for late-model stock cars, to close out the 1960 NASCAR Grand National season.

It was a soggy ending to the season, with the last 150 miles of the race running under the yellow caution flag as the rain slicked the Atlanta oval. But the weather failed to depress a short, slight driver who looks like George Gobel, the comedian. Standing alongside his gold-and-white 1960 Chevrolet, a damp, half-smoked cigar in his hand, Rex White was a happy man as he talked to Louis Clements, his chief mechanic and partner. Although White had finished only fifth, his \$1,775 in prize money brought his season's earnings to an alltime NASCAR record of \$45,955. Even before the race began, this sad-eyed 30-year-old with the rich Carolinian accent had accumulated enough points to win the NASCAR Grand National Driving Championship.

White's victory was a major triumph for the law of averages, his favorite piece of legislation. During the four years he has been racing late-model stock cars, he has been consistent more often than brilliant. "On most tracks I can't run as fast as those Pontiacs and Fords," he explains, "but I can stay up close during the first half of the race. As long as I don't abuse the equipment I can keep running, and then if the other cars have some trouble I've got a chance."

Out of 39 Grand National races he entered this past season White failed to finish only twice. He was among



CONTENTED WHITE SMILES BEFORE RACE

the first 10 cars 34 times, among the first five cars 23 times and has won a record six races.

Much of White's sudden success in racing is due to his partnership with Clements, a Kentuckian who shares the ownership in their two racing cars and the garage they operate in Spartanburg, S.C. Each year they build one or two new cars during the slack winter months, and they often put in a 12- or 14-hour day at the garage keeping their machinery in condition. They live and work together at the race tracks, and during a race Clements runs the pit while White runs the car. They split White's winnings 50-50.

Rex White moved to Spartanburg from Washington in 1958 just as he could join forces with Clements, and they prepared their first late-model Chevy there early that year. They had met a year or so earlier when both were working on Chevrolet's factory racing team, an enterprise that was abandoned in June 1957, when Detroit decided to quit racing. A few days after that decision White had the only serious accident of his life.

continued

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HewasdrivingbetweenBaltimoreand Washington when a drunk swerved into his path and hit him head on.

They are each other's foremost admirers. Clements says, "The thing about Rex is that he thinks. When he's out on the track he's plannin' and fingerin' which cars he gotta race, so he don't just go out there and race any car to stay ahead. And he watches all the little things on a car and just sort of senses when somethin's goin' wrong and saves it so's it'll last the race. That's been more of a help to me than anything."

Smokey ("best damn garage in town") Yunick of Daytona Beach endorses this opinion. "Rex is not a cautious driver like some people say," Yunick said the other day while watching White take some practice laps around the Atlanta track. "He's not a stroker [a fellow who just goes round and round and never expects to win], but he knows when to use caution. He and Clements won this year because they put more concentration and more work into it than anyone else."

#### An early ambition

Rex White has been dreaming of becoming a driving champion since he was a little boy on the family farm in Taylorville, N.C. Smaller than the other kids—even now he is only 5 feet 4 and weighs 137—he was left with a slightly gimpy leg by an attack of polio when he was 9. He had learned to drive a neighbor's truck in the fields when he was 6 years old, and many times while he was growing up he would just sit in the family Model T and pretend he was on a race track.

White sold some of his mother's chickens and spent \$2 of the proceeds hitchhiking to Washington when he was 14. He bummed around at odd jobs until he finally landed as a mechanic at a small track in West Lanham, Md., just outside Washington. But it was not until 1954 that he got his first car. A distant relative of his wife, Edith, helped him scrape together the \$600 he needed for an old 1937 Ford. By the next year he was making enough on the tracks to survive, and he has been growing in skill—and popularity—ever since. Yunick, a restrained man, put it this way: "Rex is a real nice little guy and a good little driver."

END

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## PROS' CHOICE

continued from page 19

back to southern California. It was well for Pervis Atkins that he decided to stay.

In Woodson's offense, the left half—or tailback, as Woodson calls him—runs with the football approximately half the time. The right half, or wingback, does what Atkins did so well against Arizona State—catches passes, acts as a decoy and blocker and only rarely carries the ball. Gaiters went to tailback at New Mexico State and Atkins to wingback. It was a logical choice, for Gaiters can run like an angry bull. He has unusual starting speed and is in full flight after two quick strides; he is not particularly elusive but he will run around people or over them without worrying much about the choice.

Running, however, is all that Gaiters can do. Atkins, on the other hand, is faster, more elusive and almost as strong, a perfect tailback type. He has wonderful acceleration in an open field. But Atkins is also an exceptional pass receiver and a good blocker, and Woodson needed those talents out on the wing. "Atkins is the best college football player in the country," said Coach Bobby Dobbs of Tulsa.

Gaiters, who was married last summer (Atkins was best man), is the clown of the Aggie team, the joker, the funny guy who keeps everyone

relaxed, a happy football player who laughs as he runs with the ball. He is not a particularly good student, but he gets by, and Gaiters is not a man to worry about grades—or anything else.

Atkins is an intensely serious young man who spent three years in the Marine Corps before playing football at Santa Ana JC. He is studying criminology at New Mexico State and after graduation plans to mix probationary work in Los Angeles with a pro football career. Last summer he worked at a Southern California institution for delinquent children and has helped out at a Las Cruces youth commission. But all life is not serious with Pervis Atkins; he has a great love for music, particularly modern jazz, and for the past month has been conducting a disk-jockey show on a Las Cruces station, combining music (one of his favorites is Cal Tjader, his theme song Cannonball Adderley's *This Here*) with interviews of his teammates.

Despite the great speed and scoring ability of Gaiters and Atkins, there are many who feel that New Mexico State's success hangs even more on the passing and play-calling and leadership of Charley Johnson, a good-looking boy with a blond crew cut who came to the Aggies from the ranks of the unemployed. When Johnson graduated from high school in Big Spring, Texas, a four-sport letterman in football, basketball, baseball and golf, no large schools

seemed interested in his talents. He went to Schreiner Institute, a junior college in Kerrville, Texas, but the school dropped football after Johnson's freshman year. He tried to get into Texas Tech and Hardin-Simmons. Neither was impressed. But Woodson was looking for a passer—Woodson is always looking for a passer—so Charley went to New Mexico State.

His first day on the campus, Johnson moved his bride of two months into one of the school's married students' housing units, signed up for the tough chemical engineering course and went out to take over the football team. He has been running it ever since. Johnson is an excellent passer; he completed over 52% of his throws last year, and he has completed almost 60% of his attempts this year. He has thrown at least one touchdown pass in every game. Johnson is smart and quick and when he is out there Woodson doesn't have to worry about calling any plays from the bench.

Johnson and Atkins and Gaiters all complete their eligibility this season. This makes New Mexico State opponents very happy, for they know even a Warren Woodson doesn't come up with players like these every year. But what they forget is that Woodson did it when people had never even heard of New Mexico State. There is no telling what he may accomplish now that he no longer has to tell prospects where the blamed place is.

BIG JACKSON, ONLY JUNIOR IN NEW MEXICO STATE'S STARTING BACKFIELD, BULLS WAY INTO THE END ZONE AGAINST ARIZONA STATE





# FOOTBALL'S SEVENTH WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

It was a frustrating Saturday for Syracuse, Baylor, Rutgers and, to a lesser degree, Mississippi, but seven of the nation's major college teams managed to preserve their prestige and unblemished records for at least another week. Navy (7-0), Missouri (7-0), New Mexico State (7-0), Utah State (7-0), Iowa (7-0), Minnesota (6-0) and Yale (6-0) were still unbeaten and untied.

## THE EAST

Navy Coach Wayne Hardin was doing more than employing coachy strategy when he insisted that *Nazre Dame*, despite its four straight losses, would be the best team the undefeated Middies had faced so far. It didn't look that way to the 63,000 in sprawling Philadelphia Stadium when Halfback Joe Bellino (see page 24) got away on a feinting 43-yard run on the first play. And it looked even less like a ball game when Bellino turned right end for 12 yards and a touchdown after three minutes of play. However, the Irish moved their defenses to protect the flanks, then proceeded to give the Middies an uncomfortable afternoon. They tied the score 7-7 on Halfback Angelo Dahiere's three-yard plunge in the second quarter, came close on two field-goal attempts before Bellino scored from the one-yard line to lead Navy to a 14-7 victory.

Army found Miami of Ohio prepared for a super effort. The hopeful Redskins scored first, but Miami fumbles. Quarterback Tom Blanda's passing and Fullback Al Roshare's inside bursts put Army ahead 30-7. *Penn State*, enjoying its first reprieve after three tough games, ran over West Virginia 34-13.

Yale and Princeton moved methodically toward an Ivy League showdown November 1. The Elis scored three times on passes by Quarterbacks Tom Singleton and Bill Leckonby Jr., trounced Dartmouth 29-0 while Princeton pummeled last-place Brown 54-21. However, both had a wary eye on Harvard, which remained in the running by beating Penn 3-0. Columbia, looking at last like the team it was supposed to be, whopped Cornell 44-6.

Badgers, idly dreaming of its first unbeaten season in 92 years, was brought up short by hitherto winless Villanova 14-12. The top three:

1. NAVY (7-0)
2. SYRACUSE (5-1)
3. PITT (3-3-2)

## THE SOUTHWEST

The up-and-down Southwest Conference was engaged in its usual autumn pastime. TCU, with a well-earned reputation for stumbling and bumbling, suddenly planted its feet firmly on the ground and upset Baylor 14-6. Six-foot 7-inch, 230-pound Quarterback Sonny Gibbs took care of the attack, while 6-foot 8-inch, 250-pound Tackle Bob Lilly smothered the swift Bear backs. It was nothing new for TCU Coach Abe Martin, whose coaching philosophy remains indestructible. Protested Abe: "There ain't no geniuses in coaching. I get beat a lot of times, too. That's why I'm no genius."

The reigning genius is now Coach Jess Neely of Rice. His Owls pounced on Texas Tech, won 36-6 to take a tentative grip on first place. But Arkansas, 7-3 victor over Texas A & M, Texas, which beat SMU 17-7, and Baylor can still challenge for the title. The top three:

1. RICE (8-1)
2. BAYLOR (6-0)
3. ARKANSAS (5-2)



After their game with Bowling Green last Saturday, 35 players, coaches and friends of the California Poly football team boarded a chartered C-46 in Toledo for the long flight home. The plane took off in a dense fog. Seconds later it veered off course and crashed, killing 22 persons, including 16 of the players. Visible in the smoking wreckage was a football, a sad symbol of the worst tragedy in U.S. athletics.



**NEW FACES**—Wisconsin Quarterback John Fabry (left) took over for injured Ron Miller in last period, led Badgers to 16-13 victory over Michigan; Ohio State Halfback Bob Klem, a sophomore, surprised Michigan State with several long runs.

## THE MIDWEST

Wisconsin still has a mathematical chance to win, but the Big Ten race is settling down to a three-way scramble among Iowa, Minnesota and Ohio State. The surprising Buckeyes were very much in contention after whipping Michigan State 21-10. While Coach Duffy Daugherty fretted, Ohio State wruffed up the Spartans in a containing defense, unexpectedly varied its attack to occasionally spring loose a halfback.

Iowa and Minnesota took a furlough from the Big Ten wars, enjoyed themselves at the expense of Big Eight opponents. The Hawkeyes beat Kansas easily, 21-7 as Wilburn Hollis scored twice, on a 30-yard keeper play and a one-yard plunge. Kansas Coach Jack Mitchell was impressed: "The best offensive team I've seen in all the days I've coached football." Minnesota had an even easier time against defenseless Kansas State, mauled the poor Wildcats 48-7.

Wisconsin lost Quarterback Ron Miller with two sprained ankles and agile pass-catcher Pat Richter with a broken collarbone but found adequate substitutes in Quarterbacks John Fabry and Jim Bakken, who kicked a 19-yard field goal to beat Michigan 16-13 for the first time ever at Madison. Illinois stopped Purdue's two-point bid in the last quarter and outlasted the Boilermakers 14-12.

The Big Eight was building up to a climax game of its own between Missouri and Colorado Saturday at Columbia. Fast Missouri swept the ends, poked away at the middle and trimmed Nebraska 28-0. In Denver, 46,090 watched tensely as Colorado tried for its first victory in 14 years over Oklahoma, breathed a collective sigh of relief when the Buffs made a second-period touchdown plunge stand up for a 7-0 win. The top three:

1. IOWA (8-0)
2. MINNESOTA (6-0)
3. MISSOURI (7-0)

## THE SOUTH

Mississippi, for the second week in a row, kicked a field goal in the final seconds to

continued



**BACK OF THE WEEK:** TCU Quarterback Sonny Gibbs completed seven of 11 passes for one touchdown, ran for second as Frogs upset Baylor 14-6.



**LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK:** Pitt End Mike Ditka hurried Syracuse quarterbacks into bad passes, threw path-clearing blocks for his backs in 16-0 win.

## SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

**Iowa over Minnesota.** Coach Evanshead badly wants the Big Ten title before he retires to the athletic director's chair. Iowa's offensive skill and speed will overcome Minnesota's efficient defense.

**Missouri over Colorado.** The winner can take a giant step toward the Big Eight title. The Buffs are tough, but unbeaten Missouri's backs are better.

**Kansas over Nebraska.** The Jayhawks aren't as bad as they looked against Iowa. Kansas will do better in its own conference, even without ailing Bert Coan.

**Arkansas over Rice.** The Owls are flying high but the Razorbacks' flinty defense should bring them to earth.

**Baylor over Texas.** Despite the loss to TCU, the Bears are a sound, well-coached team. They should have enough bounce left to beat the Longhorns.

**Syracuse over Army.** With the pressure off, Syracuse may now begin to play up to its potential. The Cadets lack the depth to challenge the Orangemen.

**Navy over Duke.** Navy's running attack, with Joe Bellino to lead the way, will overcome Duke's excellent passing. But it won't be easy for the Middles.

**Tennessee over Georgia Tech.** The Vols' single wing can be just as punishing as the multiple T. The Tech defense has been too inconsistent and is vulnerable to passes.

**UCLA over California.** Cal broke through to win against Oregon State, but the stern UCLA defenders will trap the Bears and give the Bruins the victory.

**Washington over USC.** A spot for an upset—if the Huskies don't score early. They can't afford too many lapses against the eager Trojans.

### Other games

MICHIGAN OVER ILLINOIS  
PITT OVER NOTRE DAME  
PURDUE OVER NICHOLAN STATE  
NORTHWESTERN OVER MICHIGAN  
PRINCETON OVER HARVARD  
PENN STATE OVER MARYLAND  
AUBURN OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE  
FLORIDA OVER GEORGIA  
CLEMSON OVER NORTH CAROLINA  
WYOMING OVER UTAH STATE

**LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:**  
14 RIGHT, 5 WRONG, 1 TIE  
**SEASON'S RECORD:** 26-27

### FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

stay unbeaten, but this time the Rebels gained only a 6-6 tie as LSU scared them badly (see page 15).

In contention again for the SEC title, Auburn's hefty Tigers slipped past Florida 10-7 as Fullback Ed Dyer kicked his seventh field goal of the season (from the 21-yard line).

Unbeaten but tied Tennessee ran over North Carolina 27-14; Georgia walloped Tulsa 45-7; Alabama edged Mississippi State 7-0. Georgia Tech was not so fortunate. With Don Altman doing most of the pitching, Duke bedeviled the Yellow Jackets with swing and flare and hook

passes, completed 15 out of 16, and beat Tech 6-0.

VMI, bothered, besieged and battered by Memphis State's Fullback Charles Killett, was beaten 21-8 for the first time in 15 games; Maryland jarred South Carolina into seven fumbles, beat the Gamecocks 15-0; Wake Forest managed to hold off Virginia 28-20. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (10-1)
2. TENNESSEE (9-0-1)
3. DUKE (8-1)

### THE WEST

For Washington, life was getting tougher. This time it took a 47-yard touchdown pass from Quarterback Bob Hivner to Don McKeta and George Fleming's placement kick, all with 2:24 to go, to overtake determined Oregon 7-6. And looming directly ahead was improved USC, which beat Stanford 21-6.

UCLA controlled North Carolina State. Quarterback Roman Gabriel's passing, used its speed and Tailback Bill Kilmer's tooses to Marv Luster to defeat the Wolf Pack 7-0. But the biggest surprise took place in Corvallis, where winless California caught Oregon State with its spirit lagging and upset the Beavers 14-6.

Wyoming Coach Bob Devaney revealed his pregame strategy: "We thought our smaller line could hold those monsters out while our bigger backs powered through." It worked. Bull-like Halfback Jerry Hill ranged through the Utah line for 112 yards, led the Cowboys to a 17-7 victory. Wyoming's next Skyline challenger: unbeaten Utah State, a 34-0 winner over Brigham Young as Tom Larscheid returned the opening kickoff 162 yards, scored two other touchdowns. The top three:

1. WASHINGTON (10-1)
2. UCLA (10-1)
3. OREGON (10-1)

### SEVENTH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTR.
Galters, New Mexico State	16	2	0	98
Bellino, Navy	13	2	0	80
N. Jones, Arizona State	7	19	4	73
RUSHING	R	YDS.	AVG.	
Galters, New Mexico State	138	517	6.44	
Lutesch, Utah State	83	799	9.62	
Ferguson, Ohio State	112	645	5.77	
PASSING	A	O	PCT.	YDS. TD.
Molina, Washington State	138	79	.572	1,120 7
H. Stephens, Hardin-Simmons	118	78	.610	737 2
Turkington, Georgia	130	76	.585	875 7
TOTAL OFFENSE	R	P	YDS.	
T. Baker, Oregon State	535	729	1,265	
Molina, Washington State	18	1,120	1,139	
R. Miller, Wisconsin	81	1,001	1,112	
TEAM TOTAL OFFENSE	PLAYS	TDS.	GAME AVG.	
Utah State	460	2,415	402.3	
New Mexico State	461	2,742	394.6	
Memphis State	419	2,563	366.1	
TEAM TOTAL DEFENSE	PLAYS	TDS.	GAME AVG.	
Wyoming	339	363	149.4	
Syracuse	333	389	145.2	
Alabama	339	1,607	167.8	



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*To check your identification of these famous hands see page 74.*

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BOBBY JONES AT 15

PART 1: A LIFE WITH GOLF

# EDUCATION OF A COMPETITOR

by ROBERT TYRE JONES JR.

*When Bobby Jones retired from competitive golf in 1930 he had won the U.S. Amateur on five occasions, the U.S. Open four times, the British Open three times and the British Amateur once—in all, 13 major championships which, with a record of gallantly good-natured sportsmanship, established him as the greatest golfer of all time. His story of those years, never before told in his own words, begins on these pages. It shows that in victory or defeat, the 14-year-old genius who first flashed on the national*

*scene in 1916 possessed a gift of whole-souled concentration that gives him a vivid recollection of every decisive match in his career. In this first of a two-part series (based on his forthcoming book *Golf Is My Game*, Doubleday, \$4.50) Jones compares golfing in his day and the present, describes with unsparring candor his own maturing as a golfer and a man and leads up to the climactic year of the Grand Slam when he achieved golfing immortality by winning all four major international championships.*

THE one question still put to me most often is: "Were the golfers of your day as good as those of the present time?"

No question is more difficult to answer. It is human, I suppose, for every man to think that his days were the best. Yet in 1927, when I won the British Open at St. Andrews, one of the old-time professionals, described as "the grand old man of Scottish golf," was quoted in the newspapers as follows:

"I knew and played with Tom Morris, and he was every bit as good as Jones. Young Tom had to play with a gutty ball, and you could not make a mistake

and get away with it. This rubber-core ball we have now only requires a tap and it runs a mile."

So, you see, the controversy is not new. Young Tom had died almost 30 years before I was born.

I think we must agree that all a man can do is beat the people who are around at the same time he is. He cannot win from those who came before any more than he can from those who come afterward. It is grossly unfair to anyone who takes pride in his record to see it compared to those of other players who have been competing in some different period

against entirely different people under wholly different conditions.

The first thing to point out is that there is nothing absolute about scoring in golf. We all know that the same golf course can change, even from day to day, depending upon weather conditions. Furthermore, over the longer range there has been a steady improvement in the conditioning of our better golf courses. Artificial watering has led to a greater consistency in the turf of fairways and greens, weed control has given us the means of eradicating clover,

*continued*



*Alexa Savling, also a future champion, was one of Bobby's early partners.*



*Bobby developed remarkable swing with ancient cut-down club at the age of 6.*

#### BOBBY JONES *continued*

crab grass and a good many other golf course pests which often prevented the clean contact between club and ball so vital to control of iron shots. On a properly conditioned course today, it is almost impossible to get a bad lie.

The ball, of course, has been consistently improved. Perhaps the greatest progress has been made in producing balls of greater uniformity. When you consider that a difference of five yards in the driving power of two different balls may make the difference between having a putt for a birdie and playing the next shot out of a bunker, the importance of this may be appreciated. As for the clubs, when I look today at my old clubs—clubs in which I took great pride, which had been handmade to my specifications and often under my own watchful eye—and compare them with modern clubs, I wonder why I was so proud of them.

The big difference, of course, is the steel shaft, which was just beginning to gain acceptance at the time I quit competition. A hickory shaft such as I used, of average length, say for a two-iron, would weigh a little bit over seven

ounces. The same shaft in steel will weigh  $4\frac{1}{4}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  ounces. The lighter steel shaft not only provides for better balance, but it is also more resistant to the twisting stresses against which the player always has to be on guard.

Players of my era often comment that the players of today seem to hit the ball harder. They do. I think it is fair to say that players of my day hit the ball really hard only when there was something definite to be gained by doing so. On holes of the ordinary drive-and-pitch variety, extra length off the tee offered little profit; placement for position seemed to be of paramount importance. Today, with the deadly pitching wedge used so proficiently by our better players, even on those holes of medium length, the long drive can be of advantage. It seems to me to be very definitely true that with steel shafts the players are able to hit more nearly all-out without too much risk of having the club betray them.

The net effect of all these things—improvement in balls, clubs and golf course maintenance—seems to me to have made the game easier. A better ball, better lies through the fairway, more regular and smoother putting surfaces,

clubs better suited to their intended purposes and, perhaps above all, the more perfect balancing and matching of sets, all must contribute to the making of lower scores.

Then there has been one very great change in the psychological side which has had its effect upon scoring in our big championships. In a way, I think it bears close resemblance to the psychological banner that apparently was once erected against the four-minute mile. In my day every player set out in an open championship with some sort of feeling—often well defined—that he had to have at least one bad round. There was even a saying to the effect that "those who do not blow up in the third round will in the fourth."

I award to Ralph Guldahl the credit for breaking the barrier in golf. First at Oakland Hills in 1937 and again at Cherry Hills in 1938, Ralph made it clear that in order to win you had to play four good rounds, not just three. It has been that way ever since, and that difference of four to seven strokes accounts for most of the improvement in championship scoring since the '30s.

With all the changes in equipment and golf course upkeep, it is not unnatural that the question should often occur: What changes have come about in method? Is there a modern method, a modern golf swing which is essentially different from that of 25 or 30 years ago? Actually, I think not, and I believe that as long as man is constructed as he is, which seems to be a fairly reasonable prospect for the predictable future, the order of the movements necessary to the complete, sound golf swing are not likely to change. In two respects only am I able to find any difference, and these can scarcely be called fundamental in nature.

The first difference I note is in the somewhat restricted length of the backswing, and perhaps in the greater speed of it as well. I still think that the long, leisurely swing is best for the average golfer. I think he should always try to make certain that he gets the club back far enough and that his change of direction at the top of the swing should take place in a leisurely manner, because

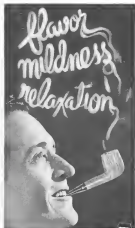
*continued*

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# KAYWOODIE

## BOBBY JONES *continues*

nothing can so seriously upset his timing and execution as hurry at either one of these points.

The second difference seems to involve a more careful, more meticulous, "sighting" of the shot. While we still have many graceful, comfortable-looking players, there are a number who have the appearance of being excruciatingly stiff as they strive to place themselves in precise alignment for the delivery of the blow. Some of these players are very effective—once they have settled into a satisfactory position, the quick, convulsive stroke seems to send the ball very straight indeed toward the objective—but I must admit I do not find the



Bobby's father encouraged his golf and provided home near the Atlanta course.

performance pleasing to the eye, even though the scores produced leave little to be desired.

All things considered, while I think it is true that the best of the oldtimers could play all the shots as well as anyone around today, it cannot be denied that the top few in any tournament today will make fewer mistakes than their counterparts of earlier days. The game of golf today is a more precise game than it ever was before, and the modern player has attained a more complete control over his own physical shot-making machinery. He has also, through increased experience, learned a lot more about the management of himself and his game in tournament play.

This latter was something I had to

learn the hard way, in a day of fewer golf courses and greater individuality, many years ago.

I began playing golf a few months after I became 6 years old, in the summer of 1908. My mother and father had started a procedure which was to become a habit: they took boarding quarters in a small summer colony near the East Lake Country Club. East Lake is only six miles from the center of downtown Atlanta. Yet in 1908 it was, in truth, out in the country. Simultaneously, my parents began to play golf.

One evening a golfing friend of my father's gave me an old iron club, called



Bobby's teacher and early model was the East Lake pro, Stewart Maiden.

in those days a cleek, which he had cut down to a length suitable to my size. Perhaps I should explain to golfers of this modern era that a cleek was an iron club with a blade only a little more than a half inch wide, with a loft approximating that of the present-day two-iron.

Along with another boy in the colony I scraped some holes in the common lawn and began to chip or putt the ball around this decidedly miniature course. In a short while, a few weeks, perhaps, my friend and I moved to the dirt road in front of our domicile and began to plunk balls back and forth over the hundred yards or so of clay thoroughfare between our house and the ditch alongside the East Lake golf course.

The next step was to tag along when



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my mother and father played. And from this, logically, slowly, but inevitably, I began to play golf. There was nothing very conscious or contrived about the whole procedure. The game was there, I liked it, and I kept on playing. I do recall that as I became aware of the general object of the game, and that some people played better than others, I began to swing my clubs as nearly as possible the way the club professional, Stewart Maiden, swung his. I was fortunate in that Stewart was a good model. His method was simple. He was a direct man, whose eye always went to the basic point of disturbance. It seemed that he merely stepped up to the ball and hit it, which to the end of my playing days was always a characteristic of my play.

Almost as soon as I could be trusted to play a round of golf, I began playing regularly with Perry Adair, the son of one of my father's good friends, who was three or four years my senior. Perry, quite naturally, came along faster than I did, and by the time he was 15 he was one of the best amateur golfers in the South. But I grew physically faster than Perry, and by 1915, when I was 13 years old, I could hold my own with him quite well. We were then among the most favored competitors in the invitation tournaments around the South. In the Montgomery, Ala., Invitation in 1915 I lost in the finals of the second flight to a left-handed player—which I considered the ultimate disgrace at the time—and Perry won this tournament. Later that year, however, I beat him in the second round of the Invitation at Birmingham and went on to win.

The following year, 1916, Perry beat me again at Montgomery, but I won from him in the finals of the Invitation at East Lake, and won a couple more tournaments in which Perry had been beaten by other players. At the end of the season we found ourselves opposed in the final of the Georgia State Championship at the Capital City Club in Atlanta.

This was the tournament that set me off into national competition, and I think it marked the beginning of my taste for and appreciation of really

continued



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### BOBBY JONES *continued*

competitive golf. I was always an ardent player of the game. I was somewhat of a student or analyst too, I suppose; mainly, however, I liked to play. But I am sure that I had never given even one thought to playing in a national championship. I remember waiting on the front steps of our house in East Lake for my father to bring home the evening paper so I could learn how Francis Ouimet had come out in his playoff for the National Open with Vardon and Ray, but it never occurred to me that I might one day be playing in tournaments of this kind.

Despite the fact that I had won two out of the three matches in which Perry and I had met, I still considered him the better golfer. I looked up to him and thought I had won from him mainly by accident. In the morning round of the final for the Georgia State I must have been tense, overanxious and perhaps a little resigned. At any rate, I played some pretty sloppy golf and came in for lunch three down. While I was having a few practice putts prior to the start of the afternoon round, the tournament chairman came up to me and asked that I play out the bye holes, with the obvious inference that Perry would beat me several holes before the finish, and he wanted the gallery to have the privilege of seeing a full 18 holes of play.

I replied that I would, without calling his attention to what I considered to be a rather unpleasant implication, and began the afternoon round by hooking my tee shot out of bounds, losing the first hole with a scrambling six, and thus becoming four down. But at this point my whole attitude changed. I began to play hard, aggressive golf, hitting the ball with all the force at my command. Instead of being defensive and uncertain, I tried to win hole after hole, rather than avoid mistakes. After halving the second hole in three, I drove to the edge of the green on the 3rd hole, something I had never done before. From that time on I hit the ball as hard as I ever hit it in my life. I played the 18 holes in 70, with the beginning six, and won the match on the last green, two up.

A few days later my father told me that Mr. Adair had come to him to say that he planned to take Perry to the Na-



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tional Amateur Championship at Philadelphia and would like to have me go with them. It must be admitted that golf in those days was very little like golf today, especially in big-time competition. When the Southern Amateur Championship was played at East Lake, for instance, the two ultimate finalists tied for the medal with 81. It was revealing of the quality of golf that Perry at the age of 16, and I at the age of 13, should be among the top competitors for the



*This was the figure that electrified golfing world. Bobby in 1916 U.S. Amateur.*

Southern Championship. Granting all possible precocity on the part of us both, one had to admit that we were so prominent because most other competitors had learned to play golf as adults. In the same manner most of them had performed learned to drive automobiles after reaching maturity, and few of them ever attained the facility with a motor car acquired with relative ease by the members of my generation who more or less grew up at the wheel.

I won in the first round of the Amateur at Merion from Eben Byers, a former champion, and from Frank Dyer, the Pennsylvania champion, in the second round. Dyer had been considered by many to be a possible winner of the

*continued*

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tournament, so when I met Bob Gardner, the defending American champion, in the third round, the match attracted quite a bit of interest. Gardner was a tall, handsome, athletic young man who looked every bit the champion he was. He had even held the world record for the pole vault a few years before when he was at Yale. Gardner was a good six feet tall. I was a pudgy school kid of 14, a bare 5 feet 4 inches, playing in my first national tournament, wearing my first pair of long pants. I was having the time of my life, with nothing to lose, and thinking of nothing except playing golf. And I was doing that about as well as anyone in the tournament. In fact, I had already become a bit cocky because of my golfing success in play against older men. I have often thought how little I should relish playing against such a kid as I was in a National Championship, and I have since developed admiration for the gallant and courtly way that Bob Gardner met and handled what must have been a very difficult situation.

We had a good match; not flawless golf, exactly, but good and bad. In the afternoon round I was one down as we stood on the sixth tee. Then through the next three holes I experienced as much excitement as I can remember on a golf course. Here is the way Grantland Rice described what happened:

There came three holes in succession that broke the kid's heart, and that would have broken the heart of almost any golfer. . . . Coming to the sixth after the drives, Jones placed an iron within 12 feet of the pin. Gardner's second was 10 feet above the green, with a ridge to pitch over, and a fast downhill slope awaiting his shot . . . but by a wonderful recovery he stopped the chip shot within four inches of the cup and got a half in four. At the 210-yard 7th, Jones was on the green, 20 feet away, while Gardner's long iron carried over into the rough. Once more he had to call upon his nerve and skill for another chip shot over a ridge to a fast, downhill slope, and this time the ball stopped only a foot from the cup for another half. But the kid was still fighting. At the 8th, he was on the green in two, 10 feet from the cup. Gardner's second struck the back

of the green and bounded well over onto a neighboring tee. He had saved two holes, but how could anyone save this situation? No one but a champion could. This time Gardner pitched back 15 feet beyond the cup, but he sank his putt for a par 4, getting another half."

Words could not describe the amazing quality of those recoveries. Because of the severity of the slopes and the speed of the shining greens, the first two, at least, were authentic miracles. I remember exactly how I felt as I walked to the 9th

should have been Amateur Champion, not only for the next 12 months, but because of the suspension of play for the period of World War I, for three whole years. I shudder to think what those years might have done to me, not so much as a golfer but in a vastly more important respect as a human being.

Through the first two war years my only play of consequence had to be in exhibitions, usually for the benefit of the Red Cross. This was fun, though not of much value as competition. I did learn,



Major influence in Bobby's development as a competitor was the late Oscar Bane Keeler, sportswriter, guide, quoter of poetry and never-failing friend.

tee. I felt I had been badly treated by luck. I had been denied something that was rightly mine. I wanted to go off and pout and have someone sympathize with me, and I acted like the kid I was. I didn't half try to hit the next tee shot, and I didn't half try on any shot thereafter. In short, I quit.

It is the keen, poignant recollection of this incident that has caused me to be thankful that it happened just as it did. If I had won those three holes I probably would have won the match. And it is not inconceivable that I might have won the tournament. Yet if I had won, what would have happened next? Not giving myself any the worst of it, I think I was a fairly normal kid of 14. But how many of us can look back at ourselves at that age and be completely proud of the picture? Had I won that championship, I

though, that my childish displays of temper had to be dispensed with. Perry Adair and I were once on a Red Cross tour with Alexa Stirling and Elaine Rosenthal. Alexa, with whom I had grown up at East Lake, had won the Ladies' Championship the year before. She was one of the truly great woman players of all time. After the war she won the championship twice more in succession, so that she held her championship for a total of five years. Although I should have known that Alexa, not I, was the main attraction, I behaved very badly when my game went apart. I think the low point in this regard came in a match at Briar Burn in Boston. I heaved numerous clubs, and once threw the ball away. I read pity in Alexa's soft brown eyes and finally settled down, but not before

*continued*

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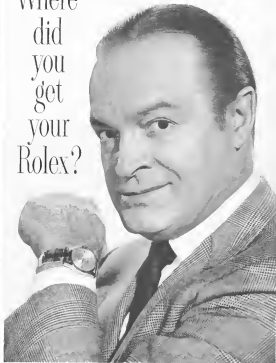
loll about our hotel room or on a train. By O. B.'s estimate we traveled 120,000 miles together, in which travels he reported my play in 27 national championships, in this country and abroad, in addition to countless less formal appearances. We lived together in the same room most of the time, except when either or both of us had his wife along, and the play and result were as personally his as mine. Indeed, I think he suffered in defeat and reveled in victory even more than I did. I never felt so lonely as on a golf course in the midst of a championship with thousands of people around, especially when things began to go wrong and the crowds started wandering away. It was in such moments that I began to look around for Keeler, and I always found him.

The only fault that I ever had to find with him—and it was anything but serious—was what I considered his overplay of his theory of "the seven lean years." Between 1916 and 1923 I played in 10 national championships without winning one. When the Amateur Championship was renewed in 1919 I was runner-up, losing a good match to Dave Herron in the final. In 1920 Francis Ouimet beat me in the semifinal of the National. I must say that 1921 was rather dismal. My first venture in the British Amateur ended in the fourth round when Allan Graham beat me. There followed the most inglorious failure of my golfing life—when I picked up my ball at St. Andrews in the British Open. I started in that Open Championship with two fair rounds. The wind was really blowing on the morning of the third round. I battled it as best I could to the turn in 46, started home with a 6 at the 10th and put my tee shot into the Hill Bunker at the 11th. It is not true, as a guidebook to St. Andrews says, that I played two shots in the bunker and then knocked my ball into the Eden River. The ball came out of that bunker in my pocket, and it was my scorecard that went into the river.

I was definitely not true, as has often been said, that had I not won the Open at Inwood in 1923 I should have quit tournament golf. Such a thing never once entered my mind. I enjoyed playing

*continued*

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BOBBY JONES *continued*

for a good showing or to win as many matches as possible. Of one thing I am certain. I started winning as soon as I deserved to. According to Koeler, the fat years began in 1923. In July, when I was 21, I won the Open Championship after a playoff with Bobby Cruickshank. In the Amateur at the Flossmoor Country Club in Chicago, Max Marston beat me, 2 and 1, in one of the best matches I can remember. But I won the Amateur and finished second in the Open in 1924, won the Amateur again in 1925 and tied for the Open, losing by one stroke in a double playoff with Willie MacFarlane.

I first got the idea that the Grand Slam, or the Impregnable Quadrilateral of Golf, as George Trevor christened it, might be made during the campaign of 1926. Yet 1926 was a funny year. It began and ended with defeat. The first loss was a lopsided drubbing from Walter Hagen in a special 72-hole match we played in Florida. Although no championship was involved, the match did carry a sizable load of prestige, and I wanted badly to win it. And there is another reason why it may seem odd that in 1926 I decided the Grand Slam was possible: the British Amateur Championship would normally be the first of the big four to be contested, it had always been the toughest one for me to win, and in 1926 I was beaten in the fifth round and came nowhere near winning.

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Sailing to England in 1921 were amateurs (from left) Bill Fowler, J. Wood Platt, Francis Osmer,

Why, then, did I come to believe in this year that it might be accomplished? My failure in the British Amateur of 1926 did not seem so dismal to me because it involved another circumstance which I have never mentioned until now. I had been playing fairly well in the early rounds of the tournament and had a truly exciting streak against the holder, Robert Harris, in the fourth round. My putter had been especially hot, my confidence was high and I feared no one left in the field except Jess Sweetser, who was in the opposite bracket and could not be encountered until the final round. But my confidence was rudely shaken when I awoke on the morning of the fifth round. I had been sleeping on my left side, and as I lifted my head I felt, and I am sure heard, the muscle on the left side of my neck give a loud, rasping creek like a rusty hinge.

I still had not made up my mind whether to play the match or default when I arrived at the golf course. It certainly would not be fair, should I decide to play, to impose upon my opponent the burden of playing against a disabled man, nor would it be sporting to deny him full credit for the victory should he gain it. So I said nothing. There being no practice ground at Muirfield, I walked a hundred or so yards down the 18th fairway to hit a few balls

*continued*



Jesse Gifford, Jones and Dr. Paul Hunter. Jones played in the British Amateur, picked up ball in Open.



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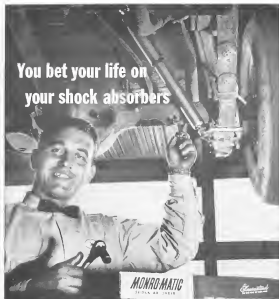
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## BOBBY JONES *continued*

toward the tee in order to test my neck. Just hitting a few balls with the brassie told the story. I could not lift my hands as high as my right shoulder. But I was being called to the tee, and as I walked that hundred yards I decided I would go out and do the best I could, as long as I could lift the club at all.

My opponent was a young Scot, Andrew Jamieson, then unknown. His performance at Muirfield won him a place on the British Walker Cup team, in which capacity he acquitted himself nobly. It was certainly no discredit to be beaten by a player of his ability. Moreover, he now played a beautiful round of golf, 2 under par for the 15 holes the match lasted, and would probably have beaten me anyway; nevertheless, I was left with some reason for believing that things might have been different if I had found him.

It is a fact that in one period of three weeks I managed to win both the British and United States Open Championships for the first such "double" in golfing history. The year ended with a narrow defeat by George von Elm in the final of the Amateur at Baltusrol, but after 1926 I think the Grand Slam idea was always somewhere in the back of my mind. My first opportunity to play in all four championships would come in 1930, when the U.S. Walker Cup team would return to Great Britain. I won the Amateur again in 1928, and the Open again in 1929, that winter keeping in condition as part of a conscious effort to try for all four in 1930. The fireworks were due to begin in May with the Walker Cup Matches, rather than in mid-June with the Open Championship; it behooved me, therefore, to avoid picking up the usual extra weight during the winter layoff. And I made another departure from my normal habits by playing in two winter tournaments against the pros, as a sort of warm-up for the great effort to come.

## IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

*The Grand Slam: St. Andrews and a fight for life... Incident at Hoylake... A vital putt at Interlachen... History made at Merion*



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## Rematch in New York

**Los Angeles is coming East to prove its victory was no fluke**

ON November 16 and 17, shortly before the start of the Fall National Championships, a team of top New York bridge players will compete against a team from Los Angeles for the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** trophy. The New Yorkers will be out for revenge. Last August in California the Angelenos beat them in an exciting 80-board match. Most insiders considered the result an upset. This time, however, the New Yorkers will be bidding on home ground, the Statler Hilton Hotel in Manhattan.

The two nonplaying captains—Kelsey Petterson of L.A. and Waldemar von Zedtwitz of New York—have arranged their lineups just as Casey Stengel or Danny Murtaugh might if he were running things. Von Zedtwitz, the loser, will field a revised team: Howard Schenken and George Raabe; Harold Ogot and Boris Koytchou; Ralph Hirschberg and Richard Kahn; John Crawford and B. Jay Becker, plus, as a reserve pair, Tobias Stone and William Root. Petterson, the winner, is standing pat. When the spectators assemble before the Bridge-O-Rama electric playing board at the Hilton they will be watching virtually the same Western

*continued*

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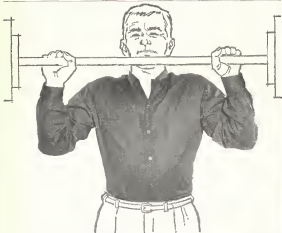
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CARDS continued

team that won in August in L.A.

Petterson is making one change. Morris Portugal, who with his wife won the Life Master Pairs Championship, will replace either William Hanna or Meyer Schleifer, one of whom may find it impossible to get to New York. The others on the Los Angeles team will again be Lew Mathe, Ivan Erdos, Ira Rubin, Oliver Adams, Harold Guiver and Edwin Kantar. Warren Blank and Mike Shuman have been named as reserves.

It doesn't make the nonplaying captain's task any easier to realize that in choosing eight players he is eliminating another dozen capable of the kind of play that could win a match. For example, here is a hand defended by former New Yorker Milton Moss and former Chicagoan Art Baron, members of the 19-man Los Angeles squad from which Petterson had to make his choice.

		NORTH	
		♠ Q 4	
		♥ A K 7 3 2	
		♦ K Q 9 8	
		♣ 8 3	
WEST		EAST	
♠ 8 7 3 2		♠ K J 10 6	
♥ J 6 4		♥ 10 9 8 5	
♦ 7		♦ A 3	
♣ K 7 6 5 2		♣ Q J 4	
		SOUTH	
		♠ A 3 5	
		♥ Q	
		♦ J 10 6 5 4 2	
		♣ A 10 9	
SOUTH		NORTH	
PASS	WEST (Moss)	1 ♠	PASS (Baron)
2 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
3 N.E.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 5 of clubs

Certain card combinations are played so automatically that the good player can virtually make the book play in his sleep. For example, with East's club holding, the correct card to play on the first trick is the jack; the return lead is the queen. But in this case, neither East, Baron, nor Moss, his partner, was asleep.

Declarer ducked the jack of clubs, playing the 9, and East stopped to sort out all the facts which the bidding and the play of the first four cards had put at his command. With the 3 and 4 of clubs in plain sight, East knew from his partner's lead of the 5 that declarer had begun with three cards in the suit. If he had the king, he would not dare duck the first club and have the continuation come

through, so South was marked with the ace. From the bidding and the cards in his hand and dummy, it was almost a certainty that West could not have an outside entry. Thus, if declarer held up his ace until the third club lead, the suit would be dead and so would the defenders unless—and this was the big word—unless West could be made to win the second club and shift to spades before East's diamond ace was knocked out.

So, instead of making the automatic return of the queen of clubs, Baron returned the 4. South ducked again



RICHARD KAHN JOINED NEW YORK TEAM

as expected, and now it was West's turn to reason. South could not have the queen of clubs or he would have won the first trick with that card. Neither could East have four clubs, because South was marked as still holding up the ace. Then why hadn't East returned the queen? Obviously, it was to direct the defense to a shift that would surely set the contract.

One look at dummy was enough to show what that suit must be, so Moss won the king of clubs and shifted to a spade. Dummy's queen was covered by East's king. With the spade ace knocked out, the defenders were sure to win three spades and a diamond in addition to the two clubs already taken. Declarer went down two.

Of course, Moss could have achieved the same result if East had led the queen of clubs, declarer had ducked and he had overtaken with the king in order to shift to a spade. And perhaps Moss would have done so—but Baron made it easy for his partner to find the winning play.

New York's nonplaying captain,

*continued*



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#### CAROS (CONTINUED)

Von Zedtwitz, had a problem complicated by an even greater embarrassment of riches. It is only fair to point out that there would have been changes in the New York team if it had taken the first challenge match. Indeed, had New York won in Los Angeles, it is quite possible that an entirely different eight would have been selected—to demonstrate to the



HORRIS PORTUGAL IS NEW COAST PLAYER

bridge world that New York had not only the best team but the two best.

But, when his first selection failed to win, Von Zedtwitz had to find the strongest possible lineup to meet the aggressive game of the Angelinos.

No one could fault Von Zedtwitz for his team selection or his captain's work in the first match. This time, he has done another creditable job by selecting a team specially designed to have the qualities most likely to succeed against Los Angeles.

It makes sense that, instead of dipping into his star-loaded squad of more than two dozen New Yorkers and coming up with an entirely new team, he has built his new lineup around the pair that gave such a consistent performance last time out, Howard Schenken and George Rappee. He has added three all-star partnerships designed to be aggressive while, at the same time, least likely to be accident-prone. Partnerships not likely to incur disasters are of utmost importance.

Numerous hands in the first match provided confirmation for the adage that team matches are not won, they are lost. This one, from the first session in which Los Angeles pined up a







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CARDS continued

two cities--will emphasize still another factor in any match between two powerful teams.

North-South vulnerable  
South dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♦	Q 9	♦	J 10 8 3
♥	K 8 5	♥	Q 10 6
♠	10 9 2	♠	K 8 5
♣	K 10 7 4 2	♣	Q 5 3
WEST		SOUTH	
♦	A 5 4 3	♦	K 7 4
♥	A 7 4 2	♥	J 9 3
♠	J 7	♠	A Q 6 4 3
♣	J 8 6	♣	A Q

At both tables, South played three no trump. Against the L.A. declarer Sehenken led the 2 of spades. Dummy's queen won the trick, and Rapee signaled with the jack.

Mathe led dummy's diamond 10 and passed it. West took the jack, cashed the spade ace and conceded another trick to South's king. Now if declarer had trusted to miraculous luck, he could have made his contract by finding the ace of hearts with West, and playing for a club split or a diamond finesse. Mathe, knowing his team was ahead, refused to risk a big set. He cashed the diamond ace and when the king did not drop, he surrendered another diamond. The spade 10 and heart ace set the contract.

Against Stone, West opened the 2 of hearts. Dummy ducked and East took the queen. On the heart return, West made the ace and conceded a trick to dummy's king. Dummy played a low diamond, East played small, declarer finessed the queen. Since cashing the entire diamond suit had depended on finding East with king-jack alone, that left only one chance.

South cashed his top clubs and led a spade. The ace was right; the queen was an entry; the jack of clubs fell under dummy's king and nine tricks were assured. The gain on this deal brought New York's rally to an uninterrupted run of 25 IMPs. But Los Angeles retained 9 IMPs of its lead.

The other ingredient in winning a match between two strong teams is, as you see, a little bit of luck. When the bridge tale of two cities is retold this month, it may have a different ending. But as a strictly neutral observer, I hope that luck will be on the side of the most skillful team. **END**

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FALL 1967 (1968 Season)

A roundup of the sports information  
of the week

**HOCKEY**—The TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS sped to their fifth NHL victory in six games by scoring two third-period goals to snap down the NEW YORK RANGERS 3-1 and hand his second loss in three starts to Rookies Goaltender JACK McCARTAN, U.S. Olympic hero. The victory put Toronto, east two points behind lower seeders CHICAGO.

**DIED:** ELECTRICIAN GEORGE C. SHERMAN JR., New York, chairman of the U.S. Polo Association.  
**DIED:** 16 CALIFORNIA POLY football players, in a plane crash in Toledo (see page 66).  
**DIED:** WILLIAM A. STEWART, 84, former commander of the New York Yacht Club.  
**DIED:** HARRY ACHE, 8-year-old cat, winner of 1985 Preakness, of acute inflammation of the digestive tract, or belly ache.

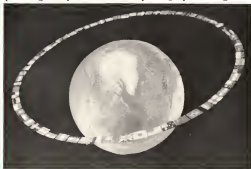
4—Morris Bath 4—Dining by Wilson Charnock, 7—John Yeha, 10—C. H. Hensley, 88—Glenn Chavira, 100—Dwight P. Napp, 101—Deford Association  
14-16 14—P. H. Booth 21—Charles J. A. Mead  
15—John D. A. F. 32—Dale M. H. 37-38—J. H. Hensley  
39—J. H. Hensley 40-42—Garry Charnock 32  
43—J. H. Hensley 44—John D. Charnock 38—M. F. F. Hensley  
45—J. H. Hensley 46—J. H. Hensley 47—J. H. Hensley  
48—J. H. Hensley 49—J. H. Hensley 50—J. H. Hensley  
51—J. H. Hensley 52—J. H. Hensley 53—J. H. Hensley  
54—J. H. Hensley 55—J. H. Hensley 56—J. H. Hensley  
57—J. H. Hensley 58—J. H. Hensley 59—J. H. Hensley  
60—J. H. Hensley 61—J. H. Hensley 62—J. H. Hensley  
63—J. H. Hensley 64—J. H. Hensley 65—J. H. Hensley  
66—J. H. Hensley 67—J. H. Hensley 68—J. H. Hensley  
69—J. H. Hensley 70—J. H. Hensley 71—J. H. Hensley  
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portant new IGY facts into sharp focus. This week's first instalment tells what scientists learned about the not too solid earth. Nineteen color pages include spectacular artist's views of the floors of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans with the water removed; the Arctic and Antarctic without their mantle of ice; a submarine volcano during an eruption. Later *LIFE* will describe IGY discoveries about the air and water that cover our planet, and about the seemingly endless void of space.

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## CASEY'S WALK

Sirs:

Dan Topping and Del Webb have done baseball the greatest disservice since 1919, when a group of White Sox defected to the lure of the easy buck. (Goodby, Casey, Goodby, Oct. 31.)

A. F. MCKENZIE

Neepawa, Man.

Sirs:

Shades of Terry Brennan! Break out the crying towels! The capitalistic owners have done it again—they have released poor, starving old Casey Stengel and ruined his life.

CHARLES HENDRICKS

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

Maybe Webb and Topping are just getting tired of Yankee domination of the American League, and want to give some other team a chance.

RICHARD FEUER

New York City

Sirs:

A tip of the hat to Roy Terrell who wrote in the July 22, 1957 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*: "As long as the team (Yankee) wins, Weiss will be the boss. Should it fail, Weiss will undoubtedly go, but only after Casey has preceded him through the door."

FRANK J. SCIRO

Paterson, N.J.

## LEGAL SAVAGERY

Sirs:

The huge men in the picture (below) may be fighting a "savage war," but that doesn't permit them to go against the rules (The Violent Face of Pro Football,

Oct. 24). I am referring to the photograph of a pro pileup in which a man is in the process of having his face guard grabbed, an obvious infraction of the rules.

JERRY KLEIN

Lincolnwood, Ill.

● According to NFL rules: "It is permissible to grasp or grab the face guard of a ball carrier," just as Big Daddy Lipscomb is doing in the picture. —ED.

Sirs:

Your excerpts from *The Pros* were splendid—but this is no excuse to eliminate your weekly coverage.

L. FINKEL

Philadelphia

Sirs:

I don't know if it was because you became too interested in *A Curry Named for Eve or My Misguided Tor* (October 24), but you seemed to have forgotten pro football.

ART ATKINSON

Coldwater, Mich.

## LIVELY OLDEST

Sirs:

Those who describe Tenacence football as old, dull, bleak or uninteresting (*FOOTBALL'S FIFTH WEEK*, Oct. 24) fall into four groups: men who do not know anything about football; women who have never seen a game before; people who prefer gymnastics; and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* writers. Remember—old does not necessarily mean outdated.

J. T. VOORLIS

ROY SEALS

Memphis

## REPENTANT SKEPTIC

Sirs:

Time and again I have been impressed by your devotion to integrity in sports and your successful attacks upon corruption in all its forms.

However, having observed trumades by other publications which turned out to be merely appeals to the gullibility of the public and bids for popularity, I have been skeptical as well. Most of the others abandoned their lofty positions once they had arrived. I somewhat cynically expected you to follow suit.

Having at last been convinced of your honesty of purpose by the editorials in your October 24 issue (*Keep the Speeders Out of Sport, The Sure-horse Kick*), I commend you upon a unique journalistic venture. Honesty for its own sake is so rare in most forms of human endeavor that it is almost unbelievable.

L. HAMILTON LOWE

Austin, Texas

## FUDGE OFFENSIVE

Sirs:

I made Duffy Daugherty's fudge (*Grilled Grub*, Oct. 16) with appalling results, and I can only conclude that Duffy, Debbie (19TH HOLE, Oct. 24), et al. have never been exposed to really good chocolate fudge. May I suggest that you forward my recipe to Duffy?

MRS. H. W. THOMAS

Washington, D.C.

## MRS. THOMAS' FUDGE

2 cups sugar  
2 squares chocolate, cut up  
5/4 cup rich milk (or half milk, half cream)  
dash of salt  
2 tablespoons light corn syrup  
3 tablespoons butter  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts, if desired

Combine sugar, chocolate, milk, salt, corn syrup, and stir over low-to-medium heat until sugar is dissolved. Cover and bring to a slow boil. Then boil slowly for three minutes. Uncover and boil slowly, without stirring, to soft-ball stage (235°). Remove from heat, let cool a few minutes. Add butter, vanilla, without stirring. Let stand until the bottom of the pan is no longer hot to the touch, then beat hard until very thick. Add walnuts and turn into buttered pan. Let set until firm and cut in squares.

## ZESTFUL ZYMURGY

Sirs:

Your attempts to explain the intricacies of the ancient sport of zymurgy have fallen short of the mark (*SCOTCHSCAND*, Oct. 24). Your writers could use more facts (and perhaps samples) and less rumor from some obvious West Coast amateurs.

We Kansans use a far simpler and cheaper method of brewing, which is guaranteed to be superior to even Milwaukee's finest: a 3-pound can of hop-flavored malt is stirred into 14 gallons of water at room temperature, after which 7 pounds of sugar is added. To this mixture, add a small portion of yeast and leave it alone until ready to bottle, usually seven to nine days. This yields 56 quarts of excellent beer containing about 5% alcohol by volume.

The advantages of being your own brewmaster, quite an elite sport in itself, are many: price, 3.4 cents a quart; stock on hand, 56 quarts, will contain any party.

CHARLES TOWNER

Salina, Kans.



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# PAT ON THE BACK



ALICE GILKEY

## Best of the men

One of the nation's top-ranking female bowlers (average score: 190), Alice Gilkey captained Cincinnati's team that won last season's Women's International Bowling Championship. A wife and the mother of two, she somehow manages to compete each week in three separate bowling leagues—one of which she organized herself. "It's just a little six-team league," she says. "I had to keep it small because all the parties are held in my basement."

But such ladylike dedication was not enough for Alice. Last summer, with two male partners, she decided

to enter Cincinnati's Del Fair Three-Man Classic as the only woman among the best of the city's bowlers. The result? Her team finished a creditable third, and at one point Alice herself led the league with a three-game high of 624.

Housewife Gilkey is cheered on at tournaments by her husband, a Cincinnati contractor, and their children Maura, 5, and Jan, 3. But family rooting can put her on the spot. At one three-game match daughter Maura declared confidently over the P.A. system: "Mama's gonna bowl 600 tonight." Happily, Mama did.

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